

ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM

**JESUS
THE KING
OF LOVE**

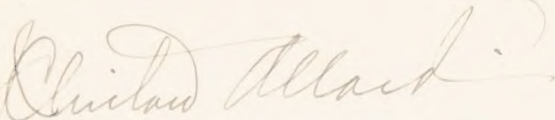


Conferences by
REVEREND FATHER MATHEO



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ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM



Chitau Alach

Jesus the King of Love

CONFERENCES

By

REVEREND FATHER MATHEO

Edwina Carter

IMPRIMI POTES:

✠ JAMES A: GRIFFIN,

Bishop of Springfield
in Illinois.

July 15, 1926.

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*Bishop's House,
Plymouth, England.*

It seems useless to say anything about these Conferences to those who know Fr. Matheo. Of themselves they will speak with efficacy and consolation to those who have not met him.

May his Work prosper, if one may say so, for already it has had the tribulations that go with real enterprise for the service of the Lord.

Yours most truly in Xt,

JOHN, ✠ BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH.

July 24th, 1924.

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IX

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

To our Beloved Son, Matheo Crawley-Boevey, Priest of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

BENEDICT XV., POPE

Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

We have perused with interest your letter and the documents that accompanied it. They show Us the active zeal which you have devoted for many years to the work of consecrating families to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so that while His image is installed and, as it were, enthroned in the principal place of the home, Our Divine Savior, Jesus Christ, may reign visibly at each Catholic hearth. Already Our Predecessor, Leo XIII., of happy memory, had consecrated the entire human race to this Divine Heart, and his noteworthy Encyclical, "Annum Sacrum," upon the subject is well known. Notwithstanding that general and collective consecration, however, the devotion as applied to each family in particular is not without its purpose. On the contrary, it is perfectly in accord with the former, and can only contribute to the realization of the religious aim of that Pontiff. For

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that which concerns each one in particular affects us more deeply than interests which we share with many. Therefore, We rejoice at the thought that your work in this direction has borne abundant fruit, and We exhort you to persevere with diligence in an apostolate so successfully begun.

Nothing, as a matter of fact, is more suitable to the needs of the present day than your enterprise. To pervert, both in private and in public life, the moral sense engendered and fostered by the Church, and then after having effaced almost the last vestige of Christian wisdom and propriety, to lead human society back to the miserable conceptions of organicism: such is the dream which too many, alas! seek to realize today. May God grant that their efforts may be fruitless. Accordingly, that against which the efforts of the wicked are above all directed is the family. For since the family contains the nucleus of the civil society, they clearly see that the change, or rather the corruption, which they seek to bring upon the civil society will assuredly follow once they succeed in overturning the foundations upon which the family itself is based. Hence divorce laws are introduced to put an end to the stability of marriage. Hence children are forced to follow an official teaching so often estranged from religion, setting at naught the authority of parents in a matter of the highest importance. Hence countenance is given to the

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spread of a shameful course of selfish indulgence which contravenes the laws of nature, strikes a blow at the human race in its very source and strips the marriage tie of all its sanctity.

You do well then, dear Son, while taking up the cause of human society, to arouse and propagate above all things a Christian spirit in the home by setting up in each family the reign of the love of Christ. And in doing this you are but obeying Our Divine Lord Himself, Who promised to shower His blessings upon the houses wherein His Sacred Heart should be exposed and honored.

It is assuredly, therefore, a holy and salutary work to secure for our Beloved Redeemer such worship and honor. But this is not all that is required. It is of paramount importance that Christ should be known, and that His teaching, life and glory should be known. For, to follow Christ does not consist in allowing ourselves to be swayed by a superficial religious sentiment that moves tender hearts to tears, but leaves our vices intact. To follow Christ is to be permeated with a lively and constant faith which not only acts upon the mind and heart, but likewise governs and directs our conduct. And the real reason why Christ is neglected by many and but little loved by others is to be found in the fact that He is almost entirely unknown to the former and not sufficiently known by the latter.

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Continue, therefore, dear Son, in your efforts and apostolate to enkindle at each hearth flames of love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But above all—and this is Our Wish—strive so that in all the houses you visit this love may be preceded by such a full and high knowledge of Jesus Christ, of His truth and of His law, as He Himself has given us.

For Our own part, in order to encourage the piety of the faithful in this matter We extend to all the families of the Catholic world that shall make this Consecration, all those spiritual favors which Our Predecessor Pius X. of happy memory granted with pontifical liberality in 1913 at the instance of the Bishops of Chili to the families of that State consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

As a pledge of divine favor and as a mark of Our Paternal good-will, with Our whole heart We impart to you, beloved Son, the Apostolic Blessing.

Given at Saint Peter's, Rome, this 27th day of April, 1915, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICT XV., POPE.

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LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI.

*On the occasion of the Silver Sacerdotal
Jubilee of Reverend Father Mattheo
Crawley-Boevey, S. S. C. C.*

*To Our Beloved Son, Father Mattheo
Crawley-Boevey, Chief Director of
the Work for the Consecration of
Families to the Most Sacred Heart
of Jesus.*

PIUS X., P. P.

Beloved Son, Health and the Apostolic
Blessing.

It will soon be your happiness to renew the holy memory of that day on which, twenty-five years ago, you offered for the first time the Holy Sacrifice to God and promised to work for the salvation of souls, and His own Divine Glory. And in fact, how absorbed you have been by these resolves during the years gone by, is easily seen by the manner in which you have spread everywhere filial love to the August Heart of Jesus; not only in consecrating families to this worship, but seeing to it that Christ the Lord should have, as King, the place of honor in every home.

We therefore seize this favorable opportunity to manifest Our personal

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good-will to you. We join Our late Predecessors in showering praise upon you, and very willingly share with you the joy of this happy occasion.

We pray that God may keep you in His graciousness for long days to come to carry out even more devotedly your original enterprise, and with an ever expanding love to the Most Blessed Eucharist; for if ever before, it is now, in the great upheaval of all things, a most pressing need, that the Lord Jesus, the King of Peace Who alone is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, should rule the social life of men.

As a forecast of heavenly gifts and from the depths of Our heart, We grant you, beloved Son, and all belonging to you, the Apostolic Blessing.

Given at Saint Peter's, at Rome, the 15th day of the month of December, 1923, in the second year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS, P. P. XI.

Very affectionately in the Lord, under Our own hand.

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LETTER OF HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BILLOT, S. J.

Rome, April 26th, 1915.

Very Reverend Father,

You asked me for a word of approval for the work of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home, and though I would have given you such a word with every confidence upon the bare mention of so beautiful a title, I give it to you with enthusiasm now that the documents which you have sent me have made me more amply acquainted with the object of the work, its conditions, its origin and the results already achieved.

The work fully comes up to what its name would lead one to expect. And at the very outset it becomes perfectly plain that it is not by any means a question of a new devotion, which by reason of its novelty might arouse suspicions. Much less is it a case of a distortion or modification introduced into an ancient devotion to the detriment of its authentic form, sanctioned and consecrated by the Church. No; what the Work seeks to set up in every home is nothing but the pure, simple, and frank devotion to the Sacred Heart which has been handed down to us from the revelations of Blessed Margaret Mary, and such as the Church has sealed with

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her supreme authority. For what is the object of the Work? To introduce, that is to say, to set up in the place of honor in each household a representation of the **Sacred Heart** in recognition of the supreme rights of Jesus Christ over the family as a whole, and over each of its members; to recite family prayers each evening before it, and to renew each night by the lips of the father or mother the consecration made on the first day; to be faithful to the practice of Holy Communion, and as far as possible to that of the Holy Hour on the First Fridays of the month; to meditate upon the lessons and examples given us by the Sacred Heart; to have recourse to this Fount of all graces in the family joys as well as in its sorrows, in good as well as in evil days, in sufferings, in reverses, in partings, amid the smiles bestowed upon the cradle as well as amidst all the events that interrupt the normal and regular course of the family life. And what is there in all this that is not contained in the devotion in use in the Church? The Work merely seeks to introduce it into the family life, so that it may have the place it deserves, and be a devotion not dead, but active and alive, and communicating its quickening warmth to all the souls in the house, both parents and subjects, after the manner of the leaven which the Woman of the Gospel mixed with the three measures of flour until the whole was leavened. Far, then, from seeing in the Work anything which

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could even in a dream resemble a religious novelty I see in it, on the contrary, all that is likely to arouse in the highest degree the zeal of such souls as are permeated with the love of Our Lord.

I see in it, to begin with, a simple and practical method of realizing the desires expressed to Blessed Margaret Mary. Our Lord, as you say, Reverend Father, asked of Blessed Margaret Mary that His Heart should be the object of a special worship. Who amongst us but recollects the two promises that He made to His servant: "I will give peace to their families. I will bless the houses wherein the image of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored." This is the origin of the ceremony which you set as a headline to your program: and I have no doubt that you also drew it from the example of that first feast spontaneously organized in private by the novices of Paray-le-Monial upon the feast-day of their holy Mistress, on July 20th, 1685, in honor of the Sacred Heart. One ought to read in the life of Blessed Margaret Mary the description of this, the first **Enthronement**, carried out within closed doors in the part of the convent reserved for the novitiate. One ought to read above all the expression of joy that inundated the soul of Margaret Mary on that occasion. Had she at that time a presentiment that in this small grain of mustard seed was the great tree beneath whose branches for more than two

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centuries the birds of heaven have found shelter? I do not know. But what I do know is this: that if the book of the future had been opened to her at the point entitled the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home, she would have recognized in it the expansion of the act so delicately outlined by her little novices. She would have seen in it nothing less than the accomplishment of the august desire of which she had been made the confidential recipient.

In the second place I see in your Work a means most suited for the sanctification of the family, and consequently for that of the whole of society. I say most suited, because it is the rule that things grow and develop in accordance with the principles whence they take their rise. And what do we see at the foundation of a family regenerated by the grace of Redemption? Do we not recognize there the mysterious union of Jesus Christ and His Church, of which union the Sacrament of Matrimony has been made by Divine Institution an inviolable and sacred sign? And in what did that mysterious union consist save in the opening of the Sacred Heart upon the Cross for the creation of that Church, even as in the earthly paradise, the side of the first man was opened for the creation of the first Eve. "For this reason was the first woman made from the side of a sleeping man, and was called the life and the mother of the living. The event signified a benefit

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in anticipation of the great evil of the fall. This second Adam, hanging on the Cross, fell asleep when He bowed His Head that thereby there should be formed for Him a spouse from His Side while He slept." (1)

"Let us contemplate," says Bossuet, "this mysterious spouse the Holy Church, drawn from, and as it were forcibly extracted from the Sacred Side of the New Adam during His ecstasy (the ecstasy of death), and formed, so to speak, from this wound. Her whole being consists of nought but the bone and flesh of Jesus Christ. Who incorporated her with Himself in the mystery of the Incarnation and in that of the Eucharist, where the Incarnation finds an admirable extension. He left all to seek her: He left, in some sense, the Father Whom He had in Heaven; He left His Mother, the Synagogue, from whom He had sprung according to the flesh, in order to unite to Himself a bride chosen among the Gentiles. It is we who are that bride. It is we who live in the flesh of Christ in the two great mysteries mentioned. It is we who are, according to the words of St. Peter, a spiritual building, the living temple of the Lord built in spirit from the time of the formation of Eve, our mother, from the beginning of the world."

(1) Propter hoc prima mulier facta est de latere viri dormienti et appellata est vita materque vivorum. Magnum quippe significavit bonum ante magnum praevaricationis malum. Hic secundus Adam inclinato capite in cruce dormivit et inde formaretur ei conjux quae de latere dormientis effluxit.

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Such then, is the union between Jesus Christ and the Church, sprung from His Side pierced upon the Cross; a union, I repeat, of which the Sacrament of Matrimony is by Divine institution the august and inviolate representation. "This is a great Sacrament," says the Apostle, "but I speak in Christ and in the Church." Yes, once again, the representation, but not a void and empty one as were the figures of the Old Testament, but one ennobled now by all the prerogatives of the New Testament; rich with the richness of an already accomplished reality, and filled unto overflowing with the grace of the ineffable mystery which it represents. Viewed in such a light, and by virtue of the Sacrament upon which it rests, the Christian family appears to strike its roots deep down into that Heart whence the Church herself sprang. And if this is so, where is the devotion to the Sacred Heart more at home? Where shall it find a medium, or, if one may say so, a soil more appropriate? Above all, where shall we discover a means more connatural for supernaturalizing (forgive the terms) the family, and for raising it to the high ideal contemplated by Christ?

Let us read again what St. Paul said to the Ephesians: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it. . . . So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever had his

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own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church. Because we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. For the same cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great Sacrament, and I speak in Christ and in the Church. Nevertheless, let everyone of you in particular love his wife as himself, and let the wife fear her husband. Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is just And you, fathers, provoke not your children, but bring them up in discipline and correction of the Lord. Servants, be obedient to them that are your lords according to the flesh; with fear and trembling, in the simplicity of your heart as to Christ. Not serving to the eye, as it were pleasing men, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man shall do, the same shall he receive from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And you, masters, do the same things to them, forbearing threatenings; knowing that the Lord both of them and you is in Heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him."

What think you, Reverend Father? Is this not a description of the interior of a household where the Sacred Heart would be enthroned? As far as I am concerned, I will tell you in confidence, that it appears to me that you have been forestalled

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by St. Paul. It even seems to me, and this is more serious, that there is in your Work a feature which resembles what in plain language is called "plagiarism."

Finally, your Work, as its name implies, will be a homage of reparation paid to the sovereign rights of Our Lord, which are on all sides overlooked. I have said, "as its name implies," though I am aware that an attempt has been made to turn this name into a weapon against you, yourself. But I also recognize in the clearest light that all the arguments advanced in this connection are absolutely devoid of worth. There is only one of them which might perhaps afford some thin semblance of difficulty, and it is the one which claims that as the Sacred Congregation of Rites has condemned the **crowning** of the image of the Sacred Heart, it has, by such a step alone, condemned also the **enthronement**. But let us proceed less hastily for that is not a fair way of putting the matter, since crowning and enthroning are not quite the same thing. Even if it is not for us to crown Jesus Christ, Who is King, after all, not by our favor or will, but rather by right of birth, by the right of Divine Sonship, and by the right also of conquest and purchase, nevertheless, it is allowable for us, I maintain, to recognize His royalty and to proclaim it before mankind. And this is nothing more nor less than what is done by the Enthronement, which puts His image in the place of honor, the place of

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sovereignty, the place of front rank. For the rest, we see in the Gospel that after the multiplication of the loaves, when He knew they were coming to crown Him as King, Jesus hid Himself and fled to the mountains; whereas on the other hand, on the day of palms He allowed Himself to be enthroned. The Gospels tell us they brought the ass and the colt and laid their garments upon them and made Him sit thereon. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; and others cut boughs of trees and strewed them in the way. And the multitude that went before and followed cried: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest."

Let there be no longer, therefore, any question of **crowning** the image of the Sacred Heart. That, in any case, we may remark in passing would have nothing in common with the crownings which at times are made of Madonnas remarkable for the number and renown of their miracles, as at Lourdes, at Notre-Dame des Victoires, and in so many other sanctuaries. For in such cases it is not the image of Our Lady, as an image of Our Lady, that it is intended to crown, but, what is different, it is the image itself inasmuch as it is miraculous, inasmuch as distinguished from other images by a special manifestation of the power and goodness of her whom it represents. And in such circumstances the act of crowning is not

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intended directly for the Blessed Virgin in her image, but rather for the image itself in which in preference to others it pleases her to be invoked and honored. Therefore the question raised as to the crowning of the Sacred Heart was quite beyond the bounds of such cases as I have mentioned. Little wonder, therefore, that it was set aside, or, if you prefer it, condemned. Once again, then, let us not speak of it any more, but let us speak, aye, let us speak of the Enthronement, of which, Reverend Father, you have made yourself the Founder and Apostle. Let us oppose it to those who say, "we will not have this Man to reign over us." It is in the home first of all that there must be pronounced the vigorous and energetic VOLUMUS (we will), which is to be a reply to the cry of hellish hatred uttered more loudly today than ever against Jesus Christ.

It only remains, Reverend Father, for me to express to you with my warmest congratulations and good wishes for the success of your Work, the homage of profound and religious respect in which I desire to sign myself

Your humble and devoted servant.

L. BILLOT, S. J.

JESUS THE KING OF LOVE

VIVAT COR JESUS SACRATISSIMUM!
ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM!

IN 1907 Reverend Father Matheo was sent by his superiors from South America to Europe, on account of his health. A prey to a serious illness, he went to Paray-le-Monial, not indeed to ask for a miraculous cure but to beg for a deeper love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and for the grace to die the death of a holy priest.

Hardly had he knelt down in the Chapel of the Apparitions and begun his prayer, than he felt an extraordinary change come over him—he was cured! What he then experienced he cannot describe—one can only guess that at that instant he must have been struck to the heart with another wound—that of love—for that same evening while he was making the Holy Hour, the Sacred Heart unfolded to him the magnificent project of conquering the world, family by family, and showed him the whole plan of the Enthronement such as it is practised today throughout the world.

Rev. Father Matheo is a religious of a Congregation whose aim it is to propagate devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary in a spirit of love, reparation and apostleship, and his happiness has always been to preach the Sacred Heart: to preach Love—as he well expresses it. So he went to Rome to obtain permission

to begin his apostolate from Pope Pius X., the reigning Pontiff.

"No, my son," replied the Sovereign Pontiff, after having heard his story and his request; "No, I do not give you permission."

"But, most Holy Father——!"

"No, I do not give you permission," repeated Pius X., with a smile not unmixed with a humor all his own, and opening his arms wide he drew Father Mattheo towards him, saying:

"I command you to do it, do you understand me? I not only allow you, but I command you to give your life up to this work of saving society. It is an admirable work. Consecrate your whole life to it."

His mission once solemnly approved by the Supreme Head of the Church, Father Mattheo like another St. Paul went forth to the conquest of nations.

Apostle in every sense of the word, with neither scrip nor purse, with no other strength than that of his overwhelming love, and his total forgetfulness of himself, he has traversed the world, winning souls and enflaming them with the love with which he is himself consumed; and this with a naturalness, a simplicity and an unction which no one can withstand. He says the simplest things, the Gospel truths - in the simplest way, yet he raises the souls of his hearers by something of the divine, that is in him. The Master Himself speaks and acts in

His apostle; in seeing and hearing him, one experiences what must have been experienced long ago, when Our Lord passed by: for we are captivated, conquered and transformed—we are ourselves apostles.

“Oh,” he loves to repeat, “I do not envy my Guardian Angel, nor all the angels together, for they cannot say Mass, nor preach Love, nor suffer for Him Who is Love!”

On the evening of the busiest days, he has been known to accept an invitation to preach for the eighth time—“to rest myself,” as he said, and he added:

“Can anything be more restful than to speak of Him Whom one loves?”

If anyone objects and tells him that he cannot possibly endure such a life for long, that he is killing himself, he answers:

“I may well kill myself for Him Who died for me.”

And if you would like a summary of the work he has accomplished in the last thirteen years, it will suffice to transcribe a paragraph from the pamphlet which explains the Work:

“It is actively propagated in Chili, in Peru and Ecuador, in Uruguay, in Argentina and Brazil, in Colombia and Panama, in Bolivia and the United States, in Mexico and in Venezuela.

The Work of the Enthronement penetrated almost simultaneously into Spain, Belgium, France, Holland, Italy, England,

Poland, Czech, Carlo, and Missionary, into Guinea, the Congo, Senegal, Oceania and even into the leper settlement of Molokai, etc." (1).

The blessings which accompanied Father Matheo's mission were marvellous. One bishop wrote to him:

"Father, what I have seen is not merely the resurrection of one dead man, but the resurrection of a whole cemetery."

In 1914 Father Matheo was sent to Europe again, and whilst he was crossing, the Great War broke out. It was impossible to return.

"What will he do in France," said his superiors, "it will be useless for him to preach, everyone will be occupied by the War, and no one will listen to him."

The contrary happened. The War with its trials and bereavements opened the way for the Sacred Heart—families called on Our Lord to console them.

Hardly had Father Matheo landed in Europe than he heard the news of the death of Pope Pius X. He went to Rome and obtained an audience with Pope Benedict XV, who gave him an autograph letter (2); he received at the same time an order to preach and organize the work throughout Italy. Finally in another visit

(1) "The Enthronement of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Home." To be obtained at the Sacred Hearts Academy, Fairhaven, Mass.

(2) This letter of great importance is given Page XV. By this authentic document from her Supreme Head, the Church officially recognizes the Work of the Enthronement. She testifies to its opportuneness and recommends it as a very efficacious means of regenerating families and through them, society.

to the Vatican in 1916 His Holiness asked Father Matheo to come and say Mass in his presence.

After this Mass he was again received in audience and the Holy Father repeated again and again that he wished to see this Crusade preached everywhere and that **this Work was his work!**

Let us hasten to add that the Holy Father's desire is already partly realized. In spite of the opposition and difficulties which are inevitable in so great a work, the Enthronement becomes more and more widespread.

Today (1921) Father Matheo has visited at different times 43 dioceses of France and he is eagerly expected in 17 others. Twice he has traversed Spain and Italy. He has visited Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, England, Ireland and Scotland. Everywhere extraordinary incidents and striking conversions prove that the divine seal is upon his mission—that it is a new Pentecost whereby to renew the face of the earth.

Such in a few words is the divine origin of a work wholly divine: divine in its principle because it is the answer to the explicit request of Our Lord; divine in its effects, by the supernatural transformation which it produces.

Let us now allow Father Matheo himself to tell us what he understands by the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the Home.

THE ENTHRONEMENT.
ITS IMPORTANCE AND PRACTICE.

THE ENTHRONEMENT.

*What it is.**Its Importance.**Its Practice.*

IT may be defined thus:—

The official and social recognition of the Sovereignty of the Heart of Jesus over christian families. A recognition which is affirmed and made permanent and sensible by the solemn installation of a representation of this divine Heart in a place of honor and by the Act of Consecration.

Our most merciful God has promised that "being the Source of all blessings," He would shower them abundantly in every place where an image of His Sacred Heart should be exposed and venerated.

He said again: "I will reign in spite of My enemies and of those who oppose Me."

The enthronement, then, is nothing else but the complete realization of all the requests made by the Sacred Heart at Paray-le-Monial and of the magnificent promises which accompanied these requests. I say 'all' the requests for the sanctification of the family is the supreme end of this entire apostolate: this cell of society must be the first living throne of the King of Love.

That the world may be transformed and saved anew, Bethany must be perpet-

uated and our Emmanuel, Jesus of the Gospel, must ever dwell amongst us.

That we may attain the social reign of Jesus Christ, society must be re-captured in its foundations, and christian family life must be renewed.

It is by family life that one can judge and measure the value of a nation. The nation is worth what the family life is worth.

A great convert said to me:

"Father, you can never exaggerate the importance of the Crusade which you preach. We aim only at one thing; to dechristianize family life. We willingly leave Catholics their churches, chapels and cathedrals: to pervert society it suffices to gain families. If we succeed there will be no victory for the Church."

Oh! how true will these words of Jesus always be: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." (Luke xvi. 8).

The great evil of society is that it has lost its sense of the divine. What remedy is there for this evil?

To return to Nazareth.

It was at Nazareth in founding the Holy Family that the Word of God began the redemption of the world. Society must return there that it may be saved.

You have seen horrible pictures of the devastation of churches during the War and Catholic instinct revolted in seeing them. But the ruin of christian family life is a far greater evil. The family is

the temple of temples. It is not the temples of stone, not the magnificent churches which will save the world, but rather christian family life—Nazareth.

This is easily understood.

The family is the source of life, the child's first school. If the source of national life is poisoned, the nation will perish. What we desire is to inoculate families with faith and love of the Sacred Heart. If Jesus is inoculated into the roots, the tree will be Jesus Christ.

Therefore the Enthronement is Our Lord coming to claim His place in the home, just as long ago, when evening came to its close during His apostolic journeys. He came and asked for hospitality at Bethany. He claims the place of honor for He is King, and we repeat: He must reign in each family so that soon He may reign over society. He claims an intimate place for He is Friend and it is by His Heart and by His love that He desires to reign.

Therefore the Enthronement is Emmanuel—God with us, Jesus of the Gospel dwelling still amongst us.

Alas, Jesus is not known and therefore He is not loved. People are afraid of Him and keep Him at a distance; they say: "Remain in Thy Tabernacle while we live our family life further off, at a distance. Above all," say they, as formerly did the Israelites, "come not near us, draw not close to us, speak not to us, lest we die." (Exod. xx. 19).

And they see no one but the Jehovah of Sinai in Jesus, our sweet tender and gentle Savior, our Emmanuel, our God with us, whose delight it is to be with the children of men. (Prov. viii. 31). Who, during his mortal life feared not to lodge with publicans and sinners (Matt. ix. 2.), and even to assist at weddings (John ii.), that He might show us His desire to live our family life with all its joys and all its sorrows.

They plead unworthiness — was Zachaeus worthy, he the sinner urged by sheer curiosity to look at Our Lord? Certainly not, but he believed in His kindness, he received Him unto his house.

And with Jesus came salvation, peace and conversion. "This day is salvation come to this house." (Luke xix. 9).

They plead respect—and He asks, He begs for love! He stretches out His arms to us and people remain at a distance—out of respect! They place valleys and even mountains between themselves and God—out of respect!

There are some christians, who are, if I may so express myself, very Jews for fear: Let Jesus not speak to us lest we die!

As for me, I say: Let Moses and the prophets be silent, let not men speak to me, for it is Jesus Whom I long to hear, the Jesus Whom I preach, my loving Jesus.

Yes, I have more fear of a Jansenist than of a hundred Protestants, or even of an infidel.

I remember a Catholic gentleman saying to me, concerning the Enthronement:

“No Father, that will not do, I will not have His picture in my drawing room, it would be a want of respect.”

Jansenism! frightful Jansenism!

Alas! how many there are who require to have this so-called respect unmasked, it can be done in one word: human respect! deplorable human respect!

As if He Who of old presided at the wedding feast, would now be out of place in a drawing room. Is He not the King of Kings? Ah! Love is not loved! He is not loved! He is not loved! The love of Jesus Christ is not sufficiently preached and yet it is a soul, a living flame, a life! and a thousand times not mere sentimentality.

If only people would meditate deeply on the Gospel, and read the Gospel, how quickly they would be convinced of the Master's desire to be intimate with us.

Were the little children of Judea and Galilee frightened when they threw themselves into His arms, when others wanted to send them away, and when He called them back to embrace and caress them again and again?

Yes, I repeat, if people are afraid of Jesus, it is because they do not know Him, because they have not drawn nigh to Him, because they have not seen Him!

Listen to this little scene which if not in the actual text of the Gospel, is at least

a Gospel scene: it concerns the way Our Lord was received at Bethany; and if you only think a little with your heart, you will acknowledge that things must have happened like this.

The first time that Jesus came to ask for hospitality at Bethany He was received by Lazarus and Martha only, for Magdalen had left the shelter of her home, doubtless He was received with a certain reserve, a mixture of timidity, honor and curiosity. He was this famous Man, this worker of miracles about whom everyone was speaking. Who could He be? A rabbi! They felt honored and curious, but that was all; they kept a respectful distance and doubtless contented themselves with listening to Him and serving Him. Nevertheless, there was something attractive about Our Savior's person, for when He was about to leave them, Lazarus and Martha dared timidly to say to Him: "Master, come back again!"

And Jesus went back.

This second time a new feeling began to stir in their hearts. They had prepared to receive Him and longed for His coming, they even awaited Him on the threshold, and when He came they dared to approach nearer to Him. Their conversation was more familiar, more intimate, more joyous. The Master was so kind, so simple. This time when He left them their hearts were won and the brother and sister begged Him insistently: "O Master come back to us, deign to make

our home Thy resting place. And Jesus promised He would be their Friend.

How different was the third reception that Jesus received at Bethany from the other two. Listen attentively; it was an Enthronement.

All was joyous; everything was festive, there were flowers everywhere, Lazarus and Martha counted the hours to His arrival. Ah! how long He was in coming! Soon they could wait no longer and they went to meet Him, then having brought Him in and installed Him in the most honorable place, they drew close, quite close to Him, they kept no distance today, it was love, intimacy! The conversation was intimate and they poured out their hearts to each other, so much so that suddenly Lazarus seeing how gentle and kind the Master was, threw himself on his knees and joining his hands on the knees of Jesus, his voice stifled with sobs, he confided to Him their sad family secret.

"Master! we are only two! we were three. Mary, our sister, who is now called Magdalen, is no longer with us, she is the shame of our home. O Master, bring her back!"

And Jesus mingled His tears with those of Lazarus and when He left His friends that evening he whispered to them the word of hope.

"I promise you, Magdalen will come back!"

You know the rest—the sinner at the feet of Jesus in the house of Simon and

her wonderful conversion.

When Jesus came back a fourth time to Bethany, they were three once again. Mary Magdalen, she who had been raised from the death of sin by the Master, was there, and henceforth the Gospel shows her to us as never leaving her Savior's feet.

Jesus, Who knows all things, knew very well the trouble of this family, yet He waited to bring the remedy until the sorrow had been confided to Him. He waited to work His great miracle until He had been received in the home and until He had found there, confiding love!

Is not this scene admirable in its beauty and simplicity? It is the Enthronement.

Every day, most wonderful and unexpected miracles are worked in response to the confidence of those who have known how to say: "Mane nobiscum." (Luke xxiv. 29). Yes, stay with us Lord, stay—close the door, we long to keep Thee with us.

The great actual work is, then, the reconstruction of Nazareth, the home of the Holy Family—and of Bethany, the home of the friends of Jesus.

How many homes have their Magdalen and their Lazarus, their prodigal and their dead. Let Jesus but enter there as friend and He will work marvels, then will be seen spiritual resurrections as wonderful as the resurrection of Lazarus and the return of sinners as touching as that of Magdalen.

But alas! at how many doors is Jesus Christ left as a beggar! If by some He is received, how often it is but with constraint and diffidence, as if He were a Stranger. He is not the intimate friend but at most a passing guest. He receives only crumbs of tenderness and of friendship and yet He has loved us with a love amounting almost to folly.

Oh! why drive Him from your homes, when you can there give Him the best proof of your love!

There is so much need of Him in the family sanctuary. Our whole being has need of God! There is no minute of the day or of our lives when we can do without Him. You do not live in church, nor do you suffer there. If you need a God Whom you can praise in church, you need also a God to Whom you can pray at home. The pagans kept statues of their family idols in their homes. As for the early christians they bore the Sacred Species to their homes and reserved them there. Now that which the Holy Eucharist was to the early christians in their homes, the christians of today will find in the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart. Not that an image of the Sacred Heart can be compared to a consecrated Host, but well understood, the Enthronement brings with it special graces of the presence of God and of the christian life lived with and by Jesus, under the very eye of Jesus.

We can never establish a close enough relation between the worship of the Heart

of Jesus and that of the Holy Eucharist, nor between the two tabernacles: that of the Holy Eucharist and that of the home. All our efforts must tend to form families to be really Eucharistic and this by a living and real Enthronement.

Then He will be truly Master.

Ah! Jesus is thus the King of a home, when He is made at home in a family, then He shows indeed what He can do.

In this wonderful revival of which I am daily witness, if there is one thing more than another which I find embarrassing when I enter the pulpit, it is to choose among so many marvels, those to give as examples.

My whole eloquence lies in facts!

I have seen mountains moved, the most rebellious and fanatic of impious men struck down like Saul on the road to Damascus. It was then that I said to the Holy Father:

"Your Holiness, I have lost my faith, for to believe one must not be able to see, and I see every day."

Sometimes it is a mother, a wife, a daughter, even a servant who succeeds in enthroning the Sacred Heart, and who by devoting herself to the apostolate outside, draws down mercy on the souls who have strayed from the right path. It was in this way that a notorious free-mason brought me the parchment of his diploma. And following his example several sectarians were converted.

Another quite recent and very touching example is that of a sectarian who was a young father of a family.

His wife wept and prayed and got her two little girls to pray for their father. One day she heard me preach, she understood that salvation follows the Enthronement, but she did not know how to set about it. Suddenly an idea came to her; father and children were preparing for her feast. After having paved the way by prayer and self-sacrifice, she went to her husband and begged him to give her as her present this year permission to enthronify the Sacred Heart in the drawing-room. The father did not dare to refuse his wife, and this was already somewhat of a miracle, but he was determined not to appear.

The touching ceremony took place and the little girls prayed for the conversion of their father.

When it was over the latter came into the drawing room through curiosity and glanced at the picture, but immediately he lowered his eyes, not able to bear the look of Jesus upon him. Ashamed of his cowardice, he glanced up again, but once more he was seized with the same vivid impression. He went out of the room; then attracted as it were by some invisible power, he came back again. The look pursued him, troubled him and exasperated him He called his wife:

"Whom have you brought into my house? There is someone here! I tell

you there is someone here."

Then the mother called her little ones and trembling with emotion, she made them repeat before their father, the prayer they had a few minutes before recited for his conversion. This time the sectarian was conquered. He fell on his knees.

These facts are chosen from a thousand. They are most certainly marvellous. Yet they are only the fulfillment of the promises of the Sacred Heart in favor of families in whose homes His image "is exposed and honored."

"I will touch the most hardened hearts.

I will give peace in their families.

I will bless all their undertakings.

I will give them all the graces necessary for their state of life."

So, then, receive Jesus as King and Friend in your homes. He is King. He said so before Pilate and He desires that both families and nations should acknowledge and proclaim this Royalty. He asks it of you because it is His right. He asks it of you as a consolation to His Heart.

The dearly loved Master, crowned as He is with blood-stained thorns beseeches you to open your homes to Him as a refuge of love in the storm of hatred let loose against Him. Driven from Parliaments, driven from Law Courts, from schools and even sometimes from the very churches themselves, wandering through the streets and highways in the midst of

dereliction and of outrage, behold! He knocks at your doors.

"Open, for it is I, Jesus, the King of Love!"

"Poor Jesus Christ," said one of the Saints: have compassion on Him. The crowd pursues Him, crying: "We will not have this Man to reign over us." Open your doors to Him, and say: "Enter Lord, for we desire that Thou shouldst reign over us."

He asks only that He may reward you.

Do you suffer? In such days as these (1) it is almost ridiculous to ask you such a question. For many of you it will reopen your sores and who is to soothe them? Do you still believe in the consolation of creatures? No one can console the bereaved mother, the young girl or young wife who has lost the one object of her affection. Works of mercy have been set on foot to alleviate corporal suffering. Is there no Red Cross for bleeding hearts?

Yes, behold it—the Reign of the Master in families. He knocks at the door: "Are there here any sorrowing hearts? Open to Me, I am Jesus." Oh! allow this merciful Lord to come in. Open to the Friend of friends. He will console you as He consoled the household at Bethany. It is never too late if only you will open to Him. What a pity it is to struggle and suffer without this Friend! Sorrow is so great and courage so feeble when one

(1) The World War.

weeps far from Him. If He had been there in such and such circumstances, your tears would have been less bitter.

But people will not believe that He calls them to such intimacy. They only see Him from afar, and we, like the Apostles on the lake, take Him for a phantom, whereas John, His intimate friend, recognized Him at once: "It is the Lord!"

We must see Jesus close by, such as He is. It is by the drawing together of hearts and souls that members of a family know one another so well, and because they know each other, they love each other.

He longs to console you certainly, but He longs also and above all to save you. You need His salvation, even if you are saints.

When you have taken Him for your King, He will shower His graces upon you.

In order to receive Jesus as King and Friend, enthrone the representation of His Heart in your homes in a place of honor as the outward pledge of this reception: this is the first and immediate step to take in the way of your intimate love of this dear Master.

The spontaneity of hearts can easily clothe this act with touching proofs of tenderness and devotion. Usually parents, children and intimate friends unite round the picture or statue which is decorated with lights and flowers. A priest is there to bless it and say a few

appropriate words (1). With one heart the whole family, standing, recite the Creed. The prayers of the Ceremonial follow (2), with remembrance of the absent and the dead; then comes the Act of Consecration which is full of meaning.

I say consecration: but it is more than that. There is the solemn acclamation of the divine Kingship of Jesus. There is the Hosanna of love and reparation: "Ave Rex." It is the King of kings, the Master Who comes. Receive Him with all possible marks of honor. Do not let Him be obliged to reproach you as of old He reproached Simon the Pharisee.

Simon had invited Jesus to his house, but it was only out of curiosity; he had not shown Him even the customary honors. Therefore, when the pharisee was standing at the side of Marydalen at the feet of Jesus he heard these words: "I entered into Thy house and thou gavest Me no water for My feet thou gavest Me no kiss My head with oil thou

(1) Be careful about the priest being present. People would relegate priests to the church or the sacristy as though they were goalers to keep our adorable King locked up in His Tabernacle, and thus impede the work of both priest and King for the salvation of society. It is above all in the home, presiding at the family feasts, that God's minister can speak those words which rouse their hearers to love. There they can say what people will not come to church to hear; there they can speak intimately as they cannot do in church. At any cost the priest must be brought into contact with families wearing a white stole, before he is hastily and tardily summoned with his purple stole to give the last sacraments. (Fr. Matheo. Address to Secretaries).

(2) The ceremonial is to be had in the pamphlets of the Work of the Enthronement, and on special leaflets.

SPECIAL Ceremonial for Communities and Schools, to be obtained from: National Center of the Work.

didst not anoint," etc. (Luke vii. 11-46). Remember this reproach.

You would receive a great general with honor—the Master comes and you receive Him in a small ante-room! Is He or is He not the King of the family? Give Him then, the first place.

Sometimes people try to make you believe that there are many drawbacks to giving Him this special social homage. But if you are true christians you will have no but an respect. Let Him preside in the principal room, the drawing-room and thus make reparation for all the outrages inflicted on His Majesty.

Our Lord told Saint Margaret Mary that He desires to enter with pomp and magnificence into the houses of princes and of kings that He might be honored in the measure in which He had been outraged and humiliated during His Passion.

He desires also to reign among the simple and the poor. He comes to you stripped of His majesty, with no other glory than His Wounds, no other riches than that of His Heart which has so loved you. He is the Boy of Nazareth, the Child of the people, born in a stable: He was a humble and poor workman and experienced the incertitude of the morrow and the sufferings of poverty, out of love for the humble and poor. Therefore it is that He wishes the poor, the workers and those who toil to accept the loving sovereignty of His divine Heart! He longs for

the masses of the people to be His, conquered by the poverty of Bethlehem and of Calvary. He desires that the countless souls who weep and suffer because they hunger and thirst for truth and justice should adore, believe, hope and love. He longs to be enthroned in the homes of the poor. He is Jesus, the Poor Man of Nazareth.

A very humble cottage can console His Heart if He finds there a throne of love and simple confidence. Your house may be small, your table frugal, your furniture poor, but if you invite the Master to come and dwell there, to find with you rest and food and consolation, He will turn your little home into a palace, the palace of the King and you will live on the treasure of paradise, the King's own Treasure—Love.

Our Lord, as I have just told you, claims in the first place, social homage in the name of the family. It is a beautiful token to give Him; but a token, even a beautiful one of solemn homage, is not sufficient. I now wish to speak to you of what is most beautiful and most powerful in the Crusade which I preach.

This homage must be the beginning of a life of faith and love in the home. The consecration must be lived up to, and constitute a state in which the Gospel becomes the rule and as it were the very heart of the home. There must be a "dwelling together," a life in common with Jesus Whom you have received and féted; He must be asked to bless both the dawn

and the eventide, the joys and the sorrows, the smiles and the tears: "Lord, stay with us as in Thy own dwelling. Be our King, our Friend, our Confidant, our Counsellor. Thou shalt preside over all. Nothing shall be done without Thee. Our joys and our sorrows, our anguish and our bereavements—we will share them all with Thee."

That is the idea: Jesus living in the home, a God Emmanuel in the sanctuary of the consecrated family!

At Bologna, as I was just descending from the pulpit, the Cardinal said to me "Father, stay where you are. You have just preached a great truth to us and I wish to add a final "Amen." On great feasts, my Cathedral and my churches are always crowded, yet I do not find that my people are becoming more christian. Why is this? Because they pray there for a few minutes and once back in their own houses they live purely natural and pagan lives. The home is, as you have just said, not a Tabernacle; they do not find Jesus in their homes. It is this that must be changed."

I am going to show you by giving you examples, what is meant by a living consecration.

During the War, a consecrated family received a telegram announcing that the eldest son had fallen on the battlefield. The mother took the telegram and laid it before the picture of the King of Love, the King of the house. Then she called her

children, her servants, her entire household, lit the candles, brought flowers, and commanding her voice like a true heroine, she began the hymn "Jesus, our Hope." Then they recited the Creed. When the prayer was finished the mother said to her children: "Your eldest brother is dead, he is in the arms of the King of Love, the King of our home." Then the tears flowed before the Sacred Heart.

Surely that was an incomparable homage rendered to the King of Love. That is the true meaning of the Enthronement.

In another family the children came back from school with their arms laden with wreaths and prizes. They ran to their parents to be kissed. "No," said the father, "first go and lay your wreaths and prizes at the feet of Jesus and then come and I will kiss you."

At the beginning of my apostolic life I had the joy of enthroning the Sacred Heart in a home just started by a young couple of the working class. They wanted Jesus, their King, to come to their home on the very day of their marriage, saying: "He will be our intimate Friend at all times."

A few years later I was asked to go and see them. The young wife was seriously ill and the husband scarcely less so. One could easily guess their great poverty from the poor room in which they dwelt, but what at once struck me was the beautiful picture of the Sacred

Heart hanging in the place of honor.

After a few words of consolation and encouragement, I said to them: "My poor children, you are very unhappy I fear." "Unhappy!" replied the young wife with accents of most lively faith, even though her eyes were burning with fever—"unhappy, oh! no Father, we are not unhappy! We have sucered it is true, but we have suffered with Him. In enthroning Him in our home you told us that He would comfort us in all our sorrows, that He would lighten all our grief—and, Father, He has done it.

How well these poor people had understood the sense and meaning of the Enthronement! They had not contented themselves with receiving Our Lord into their home, nor with paying Him homage periodically, nor even with offering Him a daily fervent prayer. They had made Him in very truth their Guest, their Friend, their Confidant. And Jesus had made Himself their Cyrenean, their compassionate and gentle Brother.

I can recall also a young peasant girl who wrote telling me how she understood the Enthronement.

"Since then," she said, "I have become Our Lord's little florist. I work for Him and offer Him my flowers. All that I do is for Him." I admired this simple child who had understood the sublimity of divine union and I thought her letter so beautiful that I had it read to the Holy Father.

A last and touching example:—The head of one of the principal families in X . . . had decided to have the solemn Enthronement on a Friday. On Wednesday morning he was struck down by illness and died the same evening. Before he died he made his wife promise not to put off the Enthronement but to have it in the presence of his dead body. "The Sacred Heart," he said, "will take my place in the house."

The pious and courageous widow, after having told those assembled for the funeral of her husband's last wish, took herself the picture of the Sacred Heart which was lying on the coffin and put it in the place of honor prepared for it.

And now would you like to hear how the divine Heart protects the homes of which He is the Master?

An earthquake had made many victims in a certain town in South America. After the catastrophe people ran to the help of the wounded. I came to a house in ruins and there joyfully and calmly knelt the father and mother before a picture of the Sacred Heart: "Father," they said, "do you remember our Enthronement? Our great friend is here, it is Bethany, and Bethany never dies because love is found there."

This is the way in which Jesus desires to be the King, the Friend and the living Center of families.

If you have recognized the divine sovereignty of the Master it will lead you

logically to do all that His Heart asks of you, requests to which He has attached promises of infinite mercy.

You will be faithful to the celebration of the first Friday of the month, and to frequent communion of reparation.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart will be an especially great feast for you, you will celebrate it with great solemnity on the day on which it falls. Are you going to sadden Him by letting Him think that He has asked for something which cannot be done? You will keep the feast not only at church but in the sanctuary of your homes by the renewal of your consecration and by family rejoicings. This feast brings with it special graces, for it is Our Lord Himself Who has asked for it.

Be careful also to have at least eight prayers in common before the picture or statue of the Sacred Heart.

I end by reminding you that "His Holiness" the Pope wishes this Work, that he encourages it with all his power, because he looks upon it as the great means of renewing the whole of society by renewing the unit of society, the family. The Enthronement unites the Source of divine life, the Heart of Jesus, with the source of human life, the cradle, thus preparing in each home a generation of saints, based on the promises of the Sacred Heart.

A RETREAT FOR APOSTLES
OF THE SACRED HEART.

OPENING INSTRUCTION.

“Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?”
(Acts ix., 6).

“Let Me do as I will.”

THE retreat that you are now beginning is not an ordinary retreat—but a retreat for apostles.

I am going to speak to you neither of your end as creatures, nor of eternity, nor of hell. The object for which you are assembled is to prepare yourselves, to prepare the ways of the Lord: to form you for your vocation, for your apostleship.

You are called to become—if I may say so—other John the Baptists: You must prepare the way of the King of Love.

How? By becoming as it were, other Christs, by filling your hearts with Him, living by Him and allowing Him to live in you.

You must be as reservoirs; but to be as reservoirs which overflow and fertilize the world of souls, you yourselves must be full of the living waters springing up to life everlasting. (St. John iv., 14).

To attain this end, the first condition is that you should be empty. One can only fill something which is empty.

So the first work of the retreat will be to make this void in yourself.

You must be void of self-love, of petty

interests, of little personal preoccupations which are of course not in themselves bad; empty of your too personal way of seeing and judging, even about spiritual things.

You want to sanctify yourself in your own little, narrow, easy, comfortable way; to mark out your own little path.

Leave your own way aside and take the great Way the only Way; Jesus Christ: He alone is the Way, as He alone is the Truth and the Life. (St. John xiv., 6).

You want to arrive by your own little efforts: "What must I do?" And Jesus repeats: "Let Me do as I will."

The work of the retreat, as I have said, is to empty yourselves of self—this is why you attend to the examination of conscience.

The examination well made shows us what must be cut off and done away with; what must be reformed and what must be corrected.

Make your examination thus but make it without worry, quietly and peacefully, like a child before Our Lord. Say to Him simply: "Lord, here is a stain, and here is another, miseries that you know better than I do; heal me, correct me."

He will make you the same answer as He did one day to Saint Margaret Mary, when her superior sent her to Him that she might be cured as a proof of her mission: "Now thou art wholly Mine and entirely under My care. I will therefore

give thee back in good health to those who placed thee sick in My Hands." (See Vie et OEuvres I., 191).

You also are under His care during this retreat; He will cure you; trust in Him; have confidence!

To empty yourself then, is the first condition. To fill your hearts with Our Lord that you may be able to give Him to others is the end.

Let Him do as He will, He will do His own work in you. You cannot do it; what can you do?

How is this to be done? By the spirit of faith. Have faith. Live by faith. Let faith penetrate your thoughts and judgments; let faith be your wisdom; be sure of God.

Human wisdom is nothing compared with this sovereign wisdom. If God has enriched you with gifts, if you have experience, or acquired knowledge, it is good, thank Him for it, and use the gifts for His glory. But before all and above all, appreciate and seek the wisdom of God, this science of which St. Paul wrote: "I judged not myself to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ; and Him crucified." (I. Cor. ii., 4).

That is true wisdom, solid, useful and fruitful. Ask for it. Come to the foot of the Tabernacle and there, like the apostles, with your eyes fixed on your divine Master, and your Heart close to His Heart, let Him that you may know Him intimately with a knowledge that is

intimate, deep and real.

The Life of Faith and the Life of Love: one leads to the other. Not to a love that is sensible, but to the solid love which is nourished by sacrifice—the spirit of sacrifice—and by self-immolation.

Whether it is a question of our personal sanctification, or of the sanctification of others, the foundation of love is always self-sacrifice, the love of sacrifice.

You must not be of the number of those souls who say: “Lord, if it be Thy will, give me a small cross, a very small one.”

No, we must love Jesus Christ as He is, and desire that He may do in us and with us just what He pleases.

Love Jesus Christ fully, with a boundless love so that you may make Him loved in the fulness of His Heart.

A confiding love: cease that constant going back upon yourselves; count on God, not on yourselves. Again I say, it is He Who will do His work in you, with you and by you, in spite of all your miseries.

You must be sure of Him, because it is He. And that is sufficient.

Life is Jesus Christ.

Holiness is to live by Jesus Christ.

He asks you to live in Him, so that He may live, by you, in other souls.

He said to St. Margaret Mary:

“I want thee to serve as an instrument to draw hearts to My Love. My divine Heart is so full of Love for men and for

thee in particular, that being unable to contain within Itself the flames of its ardent charity, it must needs spread them abroad by thy means. I have chosen thee in spite of thy unworthiness and ignorance for the accomplishment of this great design, so that all may be done by Me." (*Vie et Oeuvres II., 369*).

"Thou shalt never lack help until My Heart lacks power. Thou wilt always be the beloved disciple of My Heart." (*Vie et Oeuvres I., 173*).

He speaks to you in the same way.

But in order to be His docile instrument, able to give Him to others and to radiate His love, you must live an intimate life of union with Him, heart to heart. He must take away—as He did to St. Margaret Mary—your narrow, selfish heart and give you His own Heart. ⁽¹⁾

But that is not sufficient.

If He only placed His Heart in your breast, there would be two things there: His Heart and your own nature, and this nature of yours would betray Him.

Say therefore to Him: "Take my heart, and my soul, all that I have, all that I am!" The more generous you are, the more liberty Jesus Christ will have to act in you, and consequently the more will He make you holy and sowers of holiness.

Impregnate yourself with Him. Say with St. Paul: "My life is Christ." (*Phil. i., 21*).

(1) "My daughter I take so much pleasure in thy heart that I desire to put Mine in its place to serve in thy heart. Thou must go without thy own for I will keep it here.—Hast thou lost by the exchange?" (*Vie et Oeuvres II., 152*).

Then make your retreat joyfully: put aside all fear and all preoccupation. Choose for your spiritual reading the Life of St. Margaret Mary by Monseigneur Gauthey; there you will learn to be apostles of the Sacred Heart.

Make for yourself a fortress of ideas whilst you meditate on this life. There is a theology and a doctrine of Paray which you ought to know. The revelations of Paray-le-Monial, are, as Pope Leo XIII so well said, the "centre around which the Catholic world gravitates."

Read the words of St. Gertrude. If you like—in order to learn how to lead a life of faith and confidence—read the Life of Little Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. But above all, do not read too many books, do not be too grand in your ideas, nor too ambitious.

Pray, pray like children. Jesus is the Living and True Book. ⁽¹⁾ He alone teaches, He alone enlightens. In retreat people often attach themselves to secondary details and not to the real substance which is Jesus Christ. Before all give Him His share. Pray much and pray with a great spirit of faith. Do not come here to listen to eloquent discourses. My ambition is to have a little of that which was granted to St. Peter. On the night of the Passion, the Gospel tells us, Peter was without, seated in the courtyard.

(1) "I wish to make thee read in the Book of Life, which contains the science of love." (Life, p. 67).

A servant addresses him: "Thou also wast with Jesus the Galilean." Peter denies it: "I do not know what thou sayest." As he was going away another servant saw him, and said in his turn: "This man also was with Jesus of Nazareth." Peter denies a second time with an oath: "I know not the Man." But those who were there drew near and cried out: "Surely thou art one of them, for even thy speech doth discover thee." (Matt. xxvi., 69-73), thou hast caught something of His way of speaking!

That is what I wish to have: the language of St. Peter: to catch something of Our Lord's accent and way of speaking.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

“Lord, increase our faith.”
(St. Luke, xvii., 5).

Necessity Of Faith.

FAITH is the foundation of all apostolic work. You can only persuade in so far as you are yourselves persuaded: to convince one must be convinced.

Where are persuasion and conviction to be found? In him and in him alone who is enlightened by Jesus; in him and in him alone who knows Jesus Christ; I say in him who knows Jesus, not with any sort of a vague and superficial knowledge, but with a profound knowledge which is at once serious, intimate and complete. In him and him alone to whom Jesus Christ has deigned to reveal Himself and who has been docile to His voice. For only Jesus Christ has said, and He only could say:

“I am the Light of the world: he who follows Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life.” (St. John viii., 12).

He alone is the Light, for He alone is the wisdom of God. What men call wisdom is only folly and darkness unless it is a ray from this Sun, unless it derives its wisdom from on high.

We are too learned. We argue too much.

We should reason less about things.

The most sublime wisdom is that of faith. They who believe are very wise and very learned.

That which we need at all times, but especially in our own day is not the wise and learned according to the world, not politicians nor great thinkers. If their wisdom does not come from God, if it is not derived from His Wisdom, if it is only the fruit of their own experience and labor, if they draw it from themselves only, it will be of little or of no worth.

Do you know what is required to awaken the world?

We want souls like the Cure d'Ars. They would do more for the good of society than all the learned men of genius. Why? Because they share in the light of God; they diffuse the Light of God, Jesus Christ, and apart from Jesus, there is nothing but darkness and illusion.

See how I preach to you, how I speak to you. I do not dispute, I do not argue, I affirm. Why? Is it because I count on myself? Not at all. I am convinced—I should be a great criminal if I were not. I affirm because what I say, I do not say of myself: it is Jesus Christ who speaks through me, it is faith which teaches me what to say.

We must live by faith, not by an ordinary and common faith, but by a faith which is enlightened and active.

So that the first provision we must lay up for this life, is a spirit of faith. We

need this spirit that we may know God.

It is Jesus Christ Who reveals God to us: "No one knoweth the Father, but the Son, and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal Him. (St. John xi., 27).

We require this great faith that we may penetrate into the Heart of Jesus and into the intimacy of His Heart; we need it that we may find not a stripped and minimised Jesus, not, if I may use the word, a caricature of Jesus, but that we may find Him in the full beauty of His love, in the "magnificence of His love."

To understand this ignored love we must penetrate deeper than did the lance of Longinus.

Whether the world accepts Him or not, God is the Master! Our duty is to follow Him. "Servire Deo regnare est." (Post communion of the Mass for peace). I tell you that to serve God is more than to reign. What is it to reign? It is to govern creatures, that is to say, to do a work which leaves us with all our miseries. But to serve the Lord is to be master of His Heart, it is to possess Him by faith.

You will receive this grace in the measure in which you make progress in the spirit of faith, in the desire to see God, and to see Him only. He who is full of this light needs nothing further. A moment comes when He rests in God, seeing Him, so to speak; and then the rest: suffering, immolation, persecution, all become mere details.

But where and how does Jesus Christ teach us to know God? In the life of intimacy with Him, in prayer; that is why those who are looked upon as ignorant in this world often know more on this subject than the most learned.

I remember a peasant whom I met at Lourdes. He came up to me: "Father, was it you who preached?"—"Yes, it was I."—"Ah! what beautiful things you said: Jesus Christ, the King of Love, Jesus Christ, the King of Mercy! How true that is. For twenty years now I have been to Communion every day and I have made the Holy Hour every Thursday, and Jesus Christ always seems to me to be more and more the King of Love and Mercy. For twenty years I have asked God to make known to the world the great things that you preached about today."

Do you hear, for twenty years, he had prayed that the Reign of the Heart of Jesus might be preached? Who knows if, in God's sight it is not this humble, poor man who began the Work!

For two hours, the peasant spoke to me from the fulness of his heart; he said the most wonderful things to me and his theology astonished me.

On leaving him I said: "You will write to me, and speak to me again of these things."

He began to laugh: "Write to you—I? I can neither read nor write!"—"Then where have you learnt all that you have

been saying to me?"—"What! you a priest, ask me that question? It is He, it is Jesus who teaches. I go to Communion every day; I receive Him every day, it is He Who has taught me everything. He loves me and I love Him, so it is the most natural thing in the world that I should understand Him."

We need faith also to know ourselves, to know our faults, our miseries and also our good qualities, for we have some. We should be ungrateful if we did not recognize this, for it is He Who gave them to us. We are miserable earthen vessels, but in His infinite Mercy, He has deigned to give us great treasures. Why? Because He so willed.

Therefore, we need a light that is stronger than human light, so that we may know ourselves truly and sincerely, without pride and without discouragement. It is faith that shows us our miseries, and defects, and faults, and it is faith also that leads us to find the remedy in Jesus Christ. Faith, too, makes known to us the gifts of God and the use we must make of them so that we may realize His designs for us.

Finally we need faith that we may be apostles, to recognize the rights of Jesus Christ and His sovereignty over us and over souls. How can we fulfil our vocation unless faith comes to our aid?

And do not say: "If I had health, if I were rich, if I had time, I would do much for the glory of God and the salva-

tion of souls; but I am ill, poor, so occupied."

When Jesus Christ wished to conquer the world, did He choose for apostles the learned and the rich, men of credit, great in the eyes of the world?

No, He chose the poor, the ignorant, the unknown.

These are the elements with which He works: it is by people of this sort that He is glorified: "The things that are contemptible hath God chosen and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are." (I. Cor. i., 28).

He has convinced human wisdom of foolishness by the folly of the Cross. (See I. Cor. i., 18).

Such instruments glorify Him, for it is easy then to see that it is not they who act, but He.

Is the conversion of souls a human work?

The world is full of libraries, and in these libraries there are grand works which convert no one. Are they ever read?

The conversion of souls is God's work.

In our ignorance we attribute success to the visible instrument, to the preacher! The preacher indeed! Do you know who is the real instrument? Some little ignored and hidden soul, ignorant perhaps, who prays and who suffers, who has faith, there is God's instrument.

I assisted at a conversion which I can

never forget. A father of a family was dying. He had lived far from God and had now come back to Him and made his first and last Communion. His wife and children communed at the same time. In a corner of the room knelt a humble woman, the cook, who was weeping. Suddenly she rose, approached the bed of the dying man and said to him:

"Sir, for twenty years I have been to Communion every day and asked God to grant that I might not see you die unconverted nor without making your First Communion."

There was a victory of the Heart of Jesus by means of this humble woman who had believed in the mercy of this adorable Heart, and who had not wearied of praying and hoping.

In your apostolic work you will often find yourself, as it were, before a mountain which must be removed.

Who will work the miracle? Who will say to it: "Be thou removed?"

There are so many difficulties, so many obstacles! Be thou removed! How? By faith. Have faith in Him Who has said: "I have overcome the world." (St. John xiv., 33). He has overcome it. He will always overcome it because He is the Almighty Strength of God. Have faith, not only in your days of triumph—it is easy then—but in the days of your apparent defeat: I say apparent, for there is no real defeat. The victory is assured, the great victory of the Heart of Jesus and

His Love! He who has faith will never be deceived.

But scales still cover your eyes, let them fall away in this retreat; let your whole retreat be one great Credo.

On leaving here you must feel the power of His Heart.

Of whom would you doubt? Of yourselves? But it does not depend on you. Of Him? Look at Jesus, and go forward!

THE SPIRIT OF LIVELY FAITH.

“Lord, that I may see.”

IF thou didst but know the Gift of God and Who it is Who speaks to thee, thou wouldst have asked of Him “living water.” (St. John iv., 10) “If thou didst but know!”

We must have the life of light that we may have the life of love.

What is life? Something that changes, which is subject to a thousand fluctuations. It requires an immutable foundation which will bring with it peace and holiness. We want an immovable centre around which we can gravitate.

This centre, this foundation, is Jesus Christ perfectly known. The only real happiness, like the only real wisdom, consists in knowing Him and in knowing only Him—He alone suffices. To know Him is to love Him.

To live by this faith is the indispensable condition for God to realize His designs in us and by us. "Believest thou?" asks Jesus before performing any work of love. "Do you believe that I can do this unto you?" He said to the two blind men. They said to Him: "Yea, Lord," and the miracle was worked. (Matt. ix., 27)

To His apostles: "Whom do men say that I am? But whom do you say that I am?" "Lord,—Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." (St. Matt. xvi., 16)

And always when asked for a miracle of power and mercy Jesus replied: "Canst thou believe. All things are possible to him that believeth." (Matt. ix., 22)

He did not speak otherwise to St. Margaret Mary:

"When I presented my little requests to Him about all those things which seem so difficult to obtain, it seemed to me that I heard these words:

"Dost thou believe that I can do it? If thou believest, thou shalt see the power of My Heart in the magnificence of My Love." (Vie et Oeuvres II., 426)

Faith then is the foundation of sanctity as it is the foundation of all apostolic work.

The saints lived as we do, apparently quite ordinary lives, but they were interiorly enlightened by a magnificent Sun: Jesus! They carried within themselves the vision of Jesus, the light of Jesus.

Although they were subject to all the

fluctuations we experience, they seemed immutable in their peace and confidence. How was it that their little barque moved so tranquilly over the raging sea of the world? From whence did they draw their astonishing assurance?

The world deemed them fools. Yes, it was the folly of the light that was within them. The saints are fools of faith, beings of light, and the world lives in darkness.

The world does not believe in the love of Jesus. Why? Because He has loved us without reason, loved us even unto folly.

If christians, if priests, had faith in His love, in His Heart, they would overcome the world.

“Lord give us the almighty power of the faith of Thy saints who have believed in Thy love!”

Oh, this faith of the saints—ask for it urgently.

You have faith, certainly—but is it sufficiently living and powerful to be active? It does not consist in believing in God in a vague far off way, but in living by Jesus, the visible Form of God; in living in Jesus, our Emmanuel, the Light that came down from heaven to show us the way.

He did not come for a few years only. He dwells constantly with us. To live with Jesus in a divine fraternity is to live by faith.

You are called to enlighten the world;

seek it therefore in Him Who is "the Light of the world." Let Him be the great light of the routine of life.

It seems that for ourselves, we ought to correct the phase of the blind man of the Gospel. He said: "Lord, that I may see." (Matt. x., 51) Let us say: "Lord that I may see Thee! I do not need to see the sun, nor to see creatures. That I may see Thee, Thee alone, and that I may be blind to all the rest."

Such a life is a prelude of Heaven.

In what does the happiness of heaven consist? In the beatific vision.

If, even here below, we see Jesus everywhere and in everything, we shall have a little of the happiness of heaven in the depths of our hearts. We shall be the happy ones of this world.

Such was the life of Nazareth.

For others, Jesus was only the Little One of Nazareth, but the faith of Mary and Joseph penetrated into the mysterious and ineffable condensation of the mystery of love. They lived with Jesus in this humble village, far from human eyes — they had their heaven with them.

Oh! may we meditate more and more on the life of the Holy Family! May we pray, work, and take our rest with Jesus, like Mary and Joseph.

But how are we to see Jesus in all? How are we to attain to Him, to possess Him by a sort of divine obsession? For it is not sufficient to think vaguely of Him, to see Him as in a far off cloud. This

is not the spirit of lively faith.

Look at Jesus, see Him in you and around you; in the events, the trials and joys that He sends—in the temporal gifts that He bestows so opportunely; see Him in all and thank Him. Gratitude brings down a deluge of graces.

See Him in all your prayers. It is He, always He, Who inspires them and renders them fruitful; He Who welcomes your desires, your homage and your humblest requests with His infinite sweetness.

See Him in your work, for He is there at your side that He may accomplish another work, that of your sanctification. Make all that you do living, as did the holy brother tailor, Gerard Majella, who at each stitch exclaimed: "Lord, I love Thee, save a soul."

See Him presiding at your table, partaking of your repast like a brother or a friend, and giving Himself to you. He, Who is the Food of Life and the Bread of Angels.

See Him in your repose. Sleep peacefully and rest on His Heart, like St. John. Let each beat of your heart be—because you have wished it so—a beat of love.

See Him in your sacrifices. He is your model and will one day be your glory and your reward. And that your acts of mortification may be more precious unite them to the Wounds of our Savior; saturate them in the Blood of His Heart.

See Him in your hours of anguish, intimate sorrows which you keep for Him,

which you can tell no one—hours of Gethsemane. You have no need of any other help. He will be your Cyrenean. One word from Him and you will be consoled.

In the hours when creatures deceive you—when those whom you thought your friends wound you, because they know not how to love as He does—see Him caressing you by this very wound and drawing you to Himself. These deceptions are necessary that your heart may not take root here below and that you may know that only He, He alone is good.

See Him, the Invisible God in your hours of weariness and weakness, in those moments when you are tired of everything, when your nature seems to give way and you feel all the weight of its misery and feebleness. Say to Him then with full confidence: “Lord, I believe in Thy love.”

In the hours of temptation and of extreme moral misery, when one must struggle and fight—only Our Lady has not known such hours—see Jesus passing in the tempest. He longs to take you into the barque of His Heart and there, even when He seems to sleep, He watches—only His eyes are closed; see Him then by your side that He may be your strength and your energy—He is the God of life's battles. Combat is necessary—but He will calm the tempest when He so wills. We shall ~~never suffer~~ shipwreck with Him.

If you fall ~~and~~ see Him still, see Him

always. You do not fall alone. Jesus fell on His way to Calvary. He understands failure and weakness. He is God; He is Jesus, that He may understand. If it were an angel you might fear—but He! He is Charity, Mercy, great and divine Compassion. He will go to seek you in the deepest depths. He does not abandon the soul who has accepted the gift of His Heart; even if in a moment of weakness the soul should wish to leave Him. He will recapture her. He does not willingly lose a soul which has cost Him His life and His Blood!

Ah! in your failures more than ever, see the Good Samaritan, bending in His love to uplift from the dust of the wayside, those who have fallen in a moment of unweariness or giddiness.

He will bend down to you and lift you up and press you to His Heart. Yes, even if you have sinned, even if you are covered with the leprosy of sin, He longs to embrace you. He longs to make an exchange; to take your leprosy and to clothe you with His beauty.

See Him in your remorse, which is as it were, the look that Jesus cast on Peter—a look of sorrow and love.

In trouble and anxiety listen to Our Lord: "My child, why art thou so anxious, why so troubled? Thou and I, is not that enough? I between all things else and thee, and nothing, nothing between Me and thee."

See Him in your dark hours, when

night closes in around you, and you suffer because you are callous, alone, isolated. Call on the Light: Lord, darkness surrounds me, but I can see Thee, I believe more than ever in Thy love for me.

Finally, see Jesus in your difficulties, in well-doing. You wish to fly and you find your wings are clipped. Those who ought to encourage you, sometimes bar your way, thinking that they do well. These are only apparent failures—they prepare the road to victory. God may permit anything—even calumnies and persecutions. Remember St. Alphonsus Ligouri, the Founder of an Order, Doctor of the Church, who was so calumniated and persecuted! It is always the same thing for those whom Jesus loves. Let us learn how to proclaim our faith in the power of His Heart when we are confronted with His mysterious ways.

In this way, our looking upon Jesus will become an obsession. Yes, we shall be obsessed by Him as He is by us. He sees only us, thinks only of us. Not to mention the Crib, the Cross and the Holy Eucharist, is it not true that He is obsessed by the longing to draw our welfare and His glory from every suffering, every moral defect, every temptation and all the great evils of life?

One day someone spoke before Little Saint Thérèse of the Infant Jesus of the power certain people have of magnetizing others and of thereby having command over their faculties: "Oh!" said she, "how

I should love to be magnetized by Our Lord! With what joy I have given Him my will."

Touching words which well portray the meaning of living by faith, and show the power it has in a humble existence which it illuminates and penetrates with love.

And if we hesitate to believe that Jesus, the great Reality can take this place in our lives, let us remember what power of fascination creatures have. A fiancé before his marriage has no other thought than that of his future bride from whom he cannot bear to be absent. A man of science, in the midst of his research and peer discoveries, forgets the necessities of life. An artist has a passion for his art, he dreams about it and enjoys and admires its slightest portrayals. And is not Jesus Christ, the Infinite Beauty, the Creator and Master of all Science, the Abyss of all perfection, Jesus, Who ravishes the angels, capable of filling our lives!

Oh, let us allow ourselves to be dazzled by the divine Sun ⁽¹⁾. May He be always before our eyes and in our hearts.

Oh Jesus! may I possess Thee by a divine obsession! May I be unable to live without Thee!

(1) St. Margaret Mary in speaking of a grace which was renewed to her every First Friday of the month says: "I saw the Sacred Heart as a sun shining brilliantly, its rays falling vertically on my heart and inflaming it to such a degree that I thought it would have been reduced to ashes," (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 71).

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

“Love, as I have loved you.”

(cf. St. John xv., 12).

THOU shalt love,” that is the whole Gospel the whole law. (cf. Romans xiii., 10).

I have loved you to the Crib, to the Cross, to the Eucharist. I have loved you without any merit on your part, in spite of your unworthiness, in spite of your misery, because of your misery. I have loved you with a love of preference. I left My Father, My Heaven, My Angels to come among you. I have disdained the treasures of earth. I was born in the destitution of a stable. I have loved you more than My life, for I gave My life for you and He who gives his life, gives all. My Father had to exercise His justice—I chose to be the Victim; I placed Myself between you and His anger. I have loved you more than My honor and majesty: see to what outrages I have subjected Myself for you, blows, thorns, spitting, the fool's garment, the whips, the Cross. I have loved you more than My glory, for I have completely veiled this glory of mine in the Sacrament of My love, and to what contempt have I not exposed it? I have loved you—I love you. And you? Do you love Me? Have you loved Me first? No, I have loved you first. “I have loved you

with an everlasting love." (Jerem. xxxi. 3).

How far do you love Me? Do you love Me with a love of preference, preferring Me to your riches, your ease, your projects, your pleasures, your friends, preferring Me to yourself?

Alas! Jesus knocks and knocks. He asks us to open to Him, and receives only this answer:

"One moment, Lord, I have so many things to see to—my future, my interests, my fortune—wait." And Jesus waits a long time. Fortune comes or does not come. He knocks again: "Wilt thou have Me now?"—"Give me a little while longer, I have so many worries; my business affairs to manage, my health; I long to obtain happiness and the position of which I have dreamed! Give me still a little time." (cf. Luke, xiv., 18).

And Jesus waits at the door, like a poor man, a beggar. Yes, He is the divine Beggar of Love! He stretches out His Hand—that divine Hand, pierced for us, and often, oh! so often He has to withdraw it empty.

He has waited long; the anxieties have passed or have remained; others have succeeded them and disillusion has been multiplied. Perhaps now He will be received.

He knocks: "Wilt thou have Me to-day, I am the Consoler, the Friend of dark days, wilt thou have Me? (cf. Apoc. iii., 20).

"——Today? today? What will people say? what will they think? Wait. Lord, wait."

And He waits, He our God Who has need of nothing and Who is greater than all. He waits until a little feeble creature who stands in need of everything and of Him above all, a creature on whom He has showered His benefits and from whom He has received only outrage, ingratitude and disdain, deigns to receive Him. Oh, the divine patience of that waiting love!

Such is His Heart and such alas! is the sad story of our small and narrow hearts.

He might, by an act of authority, force this door which will not open to Him; He is the Master. But no! He does not desire a forced homage, but the free and spontaneous gift of the heart—love! And He is not loved, He Who has loved us so generously!

Ah! Jesus is not loved! He is not loved! He is not loved even by those who think themselves His friends. Yet what more could He do to gain our hearts?

Did He become Man, die on the Cross, and hide Himself beneath the veils of the Sacred Host, only that we might fear Him? Ah no! He had other means in His Almighty power and in His justice for making Himself feared. Surely it cannot be that the human heart has only this answer of fear to make to the excesses of divine love? Are men slaves and mercenaries and not sons at all? Or if sons,

where is their love, where their filial piety?

I hear some say: The Holy Ghost teaches that "fear is the beginning of wisdom." (Eccli. i., 16). The beginning—yes, but not the perfection.

We must place fear at the foundation of the edifice of our sanctification and it must always remain, but **love** must be its summit!

And who is to attain to this summit if not you, the disciples and apostles of the Sacred Heart!

"Thou shalt love——"

Love, we have said is the whole Gospel, it is Jesus shown to us in His Mother's arms and on the Cross. Now we must see how love also is the whole Law.

The pre-eminent work of Jesus, His Church, is a work of love.

The whole of the priest's ministry consists in showing to souls the divine Heart, wounded by love, because the priest is the vicar of the love of Christ.

The Sacraments rest on this merciful love; they are the channels of Our Savior's charity towards us. Prayer is the union of the soul with God by love. And the economy of grace! We are surrounded by it as by a river of love. .

All the sufferings and deceptions of this world are means to make us understand that **there is only one great Reality: the love of Jesus.**

Everywhere Jesus spoke His language of love, on the banks of the Lake of

Tiberias, as at Paray-le-Monial, His lips betray His Heart. "My Heart is so passionately in love with men and with you in particular."

So that this passion of love of the Heart of Jesus is a permanent reality.

Yes, for "God is Love," says Saint John. (I John, iv., 8). And what is His Law? "Diligeres": Thou shalt love. (Matt. xxii., 36). Therefore the perfection of the law is love. O! unfathomable mystery of infinite charity? Can it be that He obliges me to love Him as if He feared to lose me, as if my loss would leave a void in Him, Who, being God possesses all things!

It is so, for the first and the greatest of His rights is that of being loved. This divine right has created in Him, what I might call, the necessity of feeling that He is ours and we are His by love.

Let us guard against falling into the error of certain critics—an error which is fatal to many souls—that of human respect, which fears to love.

Under pretext of avoiding sentimentalism and softness, people esteem and boast of their qualities of mind and think themselves wise not to give themselves up to love, and not to preach love. As if one ought to renounce the teaching of St. Paul! As if God had not defined Himself as Love!

Who, after all, are the real theologians? Those, who like Moses are surrounded with light, whose minds are

illuminated by the fire which comes from the Tabernacle, from heart to heart intimacy with the Divine Prisoner.

There are great doctors, frozen and icy, erudite men of letters who are absorbed in all the learning of St. Bernard and St. Thomas, but who do not love as they did; these icy scholars have nothing of the charity of Christ. The theology that belongs to us is to love. No! true charity is not a sentiment or a weakness—not a mere beating of the heart, but rather is it that which is the strongest and most beautiful thing in the world, for **to love is to live divinely.**

Jesus, therefore expects from us a fervent love, the love of our minds and wills, not a mere sentiment—some souls, in fact, appear frozen who are burning like flames—a love of great desire. A great desire is always a great love (1). When charity is deep and active in a heart, it always enkindles insatiable desires, and cherishes burning aspirations, while it despises the vulgarities, caprices and fancies which are but passing.

Thus loved Saint Thérèse of the Infant Jesus:

“Oh, how I long to love Jesus, to love Him as He has never yet been loved.”

The saints who die young have the wings of great desires.

There are many things that you can-

(1) I, the infinite God, desire to be served in an infinite degree, and you have nothing infinite but your desires.” (Dialogue of St. Catherine of Sienna).

not do —but you can love, and that is all (1). But do not love by halves, do not give Jesus your heart in bits.

St. Peter said to Our Lord: "I have left all things to follow Thee." And the commentators add: he had given all. What had he given? A boat and some nets which were perhaps of hardly any worth. But he had not left himself, he had not given himself.

Now it is this gift of ourselves that Jesus desires to have: "I do not want thee to give Me this or that. I want thyself. I am a jealous God. Thou hast a heart with which to love, and I am Love."

To give oneself is to surrender oneself without reserve; it is to give one's love—all one's love. In what measure? Without any measure.

Sweep away the cobwebs and break the threads which prevent you from flying. Do not attach yourselves to trifles. He must be the Master. You must go the whole length. It is impossible to exaggerate when it is a question of the love of Jesus.

If He had placed limits to His love, would He have thought of the Cross and the Eucharist?

Behold Him in the Sacred Host—that supreme folly of divine love. He is all

(1) "Know that thou canst make satisfaction for everything by loving Me without reserve and without interruption. Think only and apply thyself only to loving Me perfectly. (Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary, *Vie et Oeuvres* I, 239).

ours, by that total, intimate and constant gift. If He had listened to reason, if He had calculated, would He have done that which He has done?

But if He has left you His own Person, it is that He may find something of the love of heaven in your heart. A single soul who loves Him, repays Him for His love. May He always be able to say to you as to Saint Gertrude: "When thou receivest Me thou art My heaven". (1)

That we may imitate in some measure the generosity of His love let there be between us a rivalry, a combat of love. It is so consoling to think that between God and ourselves there may be some sort of equality. Among friends such equality is considered to exist when each gives the other all that he has; I give Him all, and He gives me all. But I, being so poor and miserable give Him so little!

Never mind, if I give Him all without reserve, as He has given me all without reserve, there is, I repeat, a holy and marvellous equality. He knocks during this retreat—He beseeches, He waits.

He will wait years, and if at the eleventh hour, I ask Him to enter, He will forget all and come as a victorious King calling upon all the heavenly court to rejoice with Him.

But you will not continue to let Him

(1) He said also to St. Margaret Mary: "My daughter, I have chosen thy soul to be to Me a heaven upon earth, and thy heart that it may be My throne of delights." (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 166).

knock in vain. His charity constraineth you. It is your **duty to become saints of love.**

"Holiness," says St. Thomas, "does not consist in knowing much, in meditating much, in thinking much. **The great secret of sanctity lies in loving much.**" Saints are only chalices of love.

Further, you must be apostles, having that divine flame with which to enkindle souls; loving Jesus so dearly, having your hearts so full of Him, that you are able to let Him overflow on all around you.

Apostles are fiery chariots carrying the Heart of Jesus to the extremities of the world.

If you know how to see Him in all things how brightly will this divine flame burn in your souls. Following the example of the saints let it develop slowly, actively and profoundly, consuming all your defects. Do not be ambitious to be saints all at once, but little by little. There is nothing small where there is great love. Virtue is a growth and grace which does not act by leaps and bounds any more than nature. Nevertheless, as with the incoming tide, the waves mount higher and higher, so in your hours of recollection, if you are faithful, love will increase within you: let it deluge and drown all that is in you. Be strong in one single idea. Leave all, forget all; be obsessed by Jesus, by the folly of Christ: "Thou, and Thou alone, Lord, Thy Heart, Thy glory, Thy Thirst for souls! To love Thee

and to work for Thee alone, Thee alone.
My life is Thy life."

And the reward? Nothing but to
love Thee and to make Thee loved, Lord,
(1). In Thy agony, at the hour of justice?
To love Thee and trust in Thy mercy.
In heaven? "Still Thy Heart, O Jesus:
some little place in Thy Heart, near
to St. John and St. Margaret Mary. To
love Thee there, and to see Thy Reign"

Apostles of the Sacred Heart, live a
life of love, live singing a canticle of love.

Love for love.

Folly for folly.

Heart for Heart!

(1) "Provided that the Heart of my loving Jesus be known and loved and that He reigns, that is sufficient for me." (St. Margaret Mary, *Vie et Oeuvres* II., 570).

CONFIDING LOVE.

“The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.” (Matt. xviii., 2).

“It is I, fear not.” (Luke xxiv., 16).

I NEFFABLE words. “Have Confidence, it is I, your Brother, your Friend, your Savior: “Noli timere.” “Fear not!”

Why? Quia ergo sum: because it is I. Have confidence! The love of confidence is the greatest power in the life of holiness.

We are so miserable that to ask us to fly without wings would be to throw us into an abyss of discouragement. We must have confidence in order to be able to mount and mount high. With confidence we have power to scale the heavens, not with one's own small feet, but with the wings of love in the arms and on the Heart of Jesus.

If Jesus the all merciful Master, does not inspire us with confidence, who will inspire us with it?

He came down to earth to bring us—what? Judgment? No, oh no! The rigors of justice? Punishment? No, a thousand times no! What then? Pardon, salvation and happiness. For this “He annihilated Himself taking the form of a servant.” He clothed Himself with our weakness and our miseries. I will place thy miseries in My Heart, He says to

us. "He has borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows. A Man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity." So much so that in a broad, but not literal sense, we can apply to Him the words of Holy Writ: "Abyss calleth upon abyss. The abyss of our misery and corruption and sorrows has drawn towards us the abyss of His mercy and kindness and love.

Bethlehem is only a poetical symbol by the side of the frightful reality of the misery of that living crib of our heart. When He comes there in Holy Communion is He not in a viler dwelling place than a stable?

Yet how He thirsts to come, with what ardor He invites us, nay, commands us to receive Him.

Would you know where the Son of God appears to me transfigured? On Thabor? No, there He comes but to take back for a moment that glory which is His right.

The transfiguration, which delights my soul, is that which makes him like unto us, lepers as we are, clothed in our miseries, crushed beneath our infirmities: in the Crib, at Nazareth, at Gethsemane, on the Cross, torn with wounds, covered with blood, exhausted with suffering, devoured by thirst, agonizing, dead! (1).

It is there that He is really transfigured to the resemblance of my misery, a victim for my sins.

(1) "In Thy great desire to resemble us, O Jesus, Thou dost no longer resemble Thyself." Monseigneur Gay.

With what love does He not inspire me in this state, and with what confidence!

Surely it is there, that I see and feel that He has loved me passionately, loved me even unto folly. There I can savor and appreciate His words: "I will not the death of the sinner but rather that he should be converted and live. (Ezech. xxxiii., 2).

And this other word: "I have come to seek and save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10).

The love that He shows us is not the love He showed to His Mother. No, He loves His Mother, beautiful, pure and holy as He Himself made her.

Nor is it the love He has for His Angels, for they also are pure; they are the faithful portion of His flock which He has left in the fold that He may go after the lost sheep.

Nor again, is it the love He has for the small number of privileged souls, incomparable beings pure as snow and burning like flames, these again merit in some way to be loved.

But the love He bears towards us unworthy and miserable sinners, is a love of infinite condescension. In what have we deserved it? We have offended this infinitely good God, outraged Him and put Him to death. Yet He comes to us and offers us pardon and more than pardon for He offers us His intimacy, His love, His Heart!

O goodness! O mercy! And yet after all that people are still afraid, and tremble and mistrust.

His love seeks our misery, it is the attraction of the two abysses, and we, plunged in our own abyss, remain far, very far from Him, and we do not answer His appeal. We continue to keep at a distance when He longs to unite Himself to us and to live in heart to heart intimacy with our miserable hearts.

Because He is there, people stand aside and withdraw from Him, yet He says: "Come ye all to Me."

We forget that between ourselves and the Father of all Justice, there is a bridge of hope: the all-merciful Son.

"Pass by Me," He says, "for I am the Way. Look at My Crib, My Cross, My Eucharist. Have Confidence! I long to fill the abyss of your terror by the abyss of My mercy; but do not you set up again this gulf of fear.

O pusillanimous souls, timid souls, do you not see that of all your faults the greatest is your fear, and that which offends Him most is your mistrust.

You who are never satisfied with your confessions, who think you are never pardoned, who return continually upon the sins you have already accused yourself of twenty times before, listen.

A scrupulous person who had made a few dozen general confessions, was preparing one day for the Sacrament of penance. After a minute examination of

conscience, she wrote her sins and then examined herself again; added to the already long list; then she came to the confessional, unfolded her paper and began, multiplying the details.

For a long, long time the accusation went on: she was listened to in silence. At last she stopped. "My child, is there anything else?" "No! I do not think so," she murmured, "Ah! yes there is, this and this and then—" she stopped again. "My child, is there still anything else?" "No, no! I think not." "My child, there is something else, there is the outrage of your mistrust of Me."

Troubled and dismayed, she raised her eyes: the confessional was empty. In default of a confessor Jesus Christ had spoken.

It is not wrong to make long confessions, but to live in fear is to insult Jesus Christ.

If the blind, the paralytics and the lepers had doubted of their cure, would they not have deserved to fall again into their infirmities?

Jesus Christ has come to establish the law of grace and mercy. And when we fear, He is wounded to the Heart.

Do you know what was Judas' greatest crime? His betrayal? His suicide? No, it was not believing in Love.

Ah! understand then, understand at last that Jesus came for sinners, and that what He asks of you is a love penetrated through and through with confidence. If

you have not got it, it is because you have not understood Jesus.

Nothing can prevent you from going to Him. Your sins! He has washed them in His Blood (Luke v., 8). Your unworthiness. He knows it better than you. He cannot ask for talents. He knows that He has to fill up the abyss of your misery; but He asks you to cease your perpetual going back upon yourself because His grace is gratuitous. When you touch your own wounds you poison them; only His divine Hand can heal them.

You allege the respect due to His Majesty! Respect indeed! It is a word which conceals many things.

To trust does not imply want of respect. May God preserve you from being wanting in respect! But when, to obey His call, you draw near to Him, when, knowing your own unworthiness, but confiding in His mercy and love, you cast yourself at His feet, is that being wanting in respect? Ah! say rather that you are wanting in love.

Love would certainly make you act otherwise, for it is the best inspiration for one's conduct.

"Love, and do what you will," said Saint Augustine. Yes, all you will, for if you really love you will desire nothing that could offend either Him or your neighbor, whom you cannot offend without offending Him.

Before Pentecost, Peter said: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

(Luke vi., 8). Afterwards no doubt he often said: "Draw nigh to me, Lord, for I am nought but misery."

Ask any of the saints if they have drawn nigh to God with confidence or not; question the great saints like Saint Francis of Assisi—(he will teach you simple and confiding love.

See the Little Ones sitting on the knees of the Master while He caressed them (cf. Matt. xix., 13-15). That is the lovely and divine reality of the Gospel. The fault, if there is one, is His!

It is given to child-like souls to understand even here below this impulse of love.

The continual looking at your faults and miseries is very often a snare of the devil to withdraw you from God. If sometimes it seems to you that you are going back rather than forward in the way of virtue, do not be troubled. The dust becomes more and more visible the nearer you approach to the divine Sun.

The nearer the saints are to God, the more unworthy they are in their own eyes! If God allows you to feel the sting of pride and temptation it is only that you may become more humble and child-like. We think too much of ourselves and not enough of God. Look at yourself in the Sun of His Heart ⁽¹⁾ and not apart from It; then side by side with your miseries

(1) "Be careful never to look at thyself apart from Me." (Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary, *Vie et Oeuvres* I., 93).

you will see the infinite horizon of His mercy (2).

Jesus thirsts for our miseries. The whole Gospel shows Him to us in touching scenes.

Re-read the history of Magdalen and of the Good Samaritan, of the Prodigal Son, and of the Woman taken in adultery. See if He does not seek us out, if our sins do not draw Him to us, and if, therefore, our love for Him ought not to be founded on absolute confidence. We shall never have too much!

If I believe the assertions of Saint Margaret Mary, if the revelations of Paray-le-Monial leave me so convinced, it is because they are but the repetitions of the Gospel. I have no need of Margaret Mary, nor of anyone else to know His Heart.

"Believe in My love and fear not," repeats throughout the ages and to all souls, Our divine Savior Whom we have offended: "I come to seek and save that which was lost."

This is just what scandalizes pharisees: they will not believe in so much love. "If He is holy," say they, "let Him remain with those who are just, and not eat with sinners." (cf. Matt. ix., 2).

In that case He would have remained in heaven with His angels!

(2) He showed me myself as a commingling of every sort of misery, which He desired to change into a commingling of His infinite mercies. (*Vie et Oeuvres* 10, 548).

O Jansenism! Jansenism! cursed and hypocritical heresy, which has vilified and disfigured Jesus Christ for us. Jansenism! whose poison has left its traces on many a fair soul capable of great things, but which is paralyzed by fear and held back by scruples from making progress. With all my heart I curse this harmful wicked doctrine which turns our infinitely good God into a God Who is terrible and hard.

But the school of Jansenius has been superseded by the School of the Heart of Jesus.

Yes, as long as we kneel before the altar we must tremble—but with love!

The Jansenists wish to do away with the doctrine and the Gospel of love. They ask for justice, as did the Apostles before they had understood the spirit of their Master: "Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven to consume them?" (Luke ix., 54). May the heavens rain down a fire of love; that is what is needed. There are those who are always talking of justice. Doubtless it exists because God is God, but to make it supply for a lack of love is like the hell of Judas. If there was only justice there would be no confessional and no Holy Eucharist. If you were angels you would not be here!

In one of the churches of Spain an ancient crucifix is venerated, the right arm of which is unnailed and hangs down. The history of this crucifix is as follows:—

A great sinner one day confessed his sins beneath it with every mark of sincere contrition. However, at the moment of absolution the confessor hesitated, the sins were so great and so numerous. The sinner implored pardon: "I will absolve you," said the priest, "but do not fall again." The penitent promised and went away.

For some time he remained faithful to his promise, but he was weak and fell again. However, repentance brought him back to the feet of his confessor: "I cannot absolve you this time." But the penitent replied, "I repent, I was sincere when I promised, but I am weak; pardon, pardon!" And the confessor absolved him adding: "It is the last time."

A long time passed when at last through habit on the one hand and weakness on the other, the sinner fell again.

"This time it is useless," said the priest, "you always fall again, your repentance is not sincere."

"It is true, Father, I fall again because I am weak; I am sincere, but feeble."

"No, there can be no further absolution for you."

Then sobs were heard, coming, not from the penitent, but from the crucifix. The hand of the figure of Christ became unnailed and raising itself in the air, traced the sign of the Cross in absolution over the head of the sinner, whilst a voice said: "You did not shed your blood for him as I did!"

Away then, with the coldness of Jansenism. Now it is the day of the Reign of Love!

The greatest respect is the greatest love—and the greatest love is confidence.

A want of confidence is an ingratitude, perhaps an unconscious one—and it is certainly a want of simplicity. The saints did not live so. Be childlike, be trustful, live in confidence for it is the great principle of strength and vitality. Let nothing stop you. Do not be always sighing over your miseries and suffocated by them—use them for His glory. You must have them. Everyone has his little weaknesses and failures. Throw them into the abyss of Christ's Heart. He will turn them into strength for you.

You remember Our Lord's request to Saint Jerome:

“—Jerome, give Me something.”

“—Lord, have I not given Thee everything—my life is Thine; all that I have I have given Thee, my strength, my honor—take all, Lord, all is Thine.”

“—Jerome, give Me what I ask of thee.”

“—O, my God, is there then some secret movement of my heart which is not for Thee?”

“—Jerome, Jerome, thou art keeping something for thyself. Thou art not giving Me all that for which I ask.”

“—What wilt Thou, Lord?”

“—Jerome, give Me thy sins!”

Give Him yours, and say to Him: "Take, Lord, and receive! May Thy Kingdom come." (1).

You must have wings and soar aloft, not live like rats underground in the dark.

Jesus knows you better than you know yourself. You see a hundred defects in yourself—and He sees, perhaps, a thousand. He knows you through and through and He has chosen you gratuitously. With Saint Teresa thank Him for having such bad taste.

In human friendships, the more one knows the other, the more do defects appear and disillusion multiply. But He loves you without any illusions. He loves you, miserable as you are, because being God, He knows the extent and number of your miseries. He loves you more and pardons you more readily than could any creature, because He knows better and sees side by side with your weakness, your desire to love Him.

Believe this. Believe it with a lively, strong and firm faith for it is true, sovereignly true. Therefore, forget yourselves and think only of Him.

"—Think only of Me," He says to you as to His chosen ones, "and I will think of you."

Many say to Our Lord: There is this, and that, and that, and then after worrying over their own little interests, they

(1) "Sell thy miseries to My mercy." (Our Lord to Sister Benigna Consolata).

add: Thy Kingdom come!

No! begin by saying: Thy Kingdom come. Hasten Thy Reign of love. And then He will say: This and that which concerns you is My affair.

Try to have the zeal that will make you live for Him without self-preoccupation.

Enlarge your hearts, widen your horizon of sanctity. Try to enter into the great doctrine of the Heart of Jesus. Then your souls will not be held back or constrained, but will take everything from the Heart of Him, Who is the Source of merciful love.

How good it is to rest at ease on the Heart of Jesus! There are some who think it is difficult to be saved. As for me, I say that it is not easy to be lost, because for that, one must escape from the close embrace of Jesus.

You are apostles of the Sacred Heart. Tomorrow you will give this divine Heart to others! How can you give Him if you do not know Him? How can you give this Heart, so great and so good if you yourselves remain small and narrow, following your own false ideas? How will you inspire confidence if you tremble? How enkindle a fire if you yourselves are cold?

"Woman," said Our Lord to the sinner, "I will not condemn thee, go and now sin no more." (St. John viii., 2).

And that is renewed a hundred thousand times a day. I will end with

these admirable words of Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus:

"It is not because I have been preserved from mortal sin that I go to God with confidence and love. No! I know that even if I had all the crimes that can be committed on my conscience I should not lose my confidence; I would go, with my heart broken with sorrow and throw myself into the arms of my Savior. I know how He cherished the Prodigal Son; I have heard His words to Magdalen, to the Woman taken in adultery, and to the Woman of Samaria. No! no one would be able to frighten me for I know what to expect from His love and His mercy. I know that all my sins would be instantly effaced, like a drop of water thrown into a furnace." (History of a Soul).

HUMILITY, SIMPLICITY.
LOVING SELF-SURRENDER.

"Your life is hidden with Christ in God."
(Col. iii., 3).

OUR natural life such as it is, coming from dust and returning to dust, is not worth the trouble of living. It is no ideal for an apostle: he requires something more beautiful.

His ideal must be to live in Jesus.

May your life be hidden, lost in God! May the life of Christ be in you! May you be other Christs, living in Him, and by Him. But to attain this ideal, remember in the first place that it is not you who ascend, but He, Who descends.

He came down to the Crib, He comes down to the Altar. He descends always. He annihilated Himself after making Himself our Brother.

You can do nothing, you have only desires. I can only urge you towards Him; it is He Who must lead you to this happy transformation.

So you must begin by being "little": that is the first step. We are too great to be saints.

One must be little to be a great saint, and "very little" to be a very great saint. Greatness comes of littleness. We are too great to be transformed into Him, to

be His apostles. In order to be as He, and to give Him, we ourselves must be as tiny victims. He is willing to be as the dust of the earth if only He can be our life.

See Him, forsaken in His tabernacles. There are thousands of chapels all over the world, where for the most part He is left alone. He is the great Forsaken One, the Poor One. If you had only seen tabernacles such as I, a missionary, have seen, miserable, shameful boxes, containing Hosts left there and forgotten!

To look upon Jesus in the Eucharist, to meditate upon Him and understand Him gives the great lesson of humility and abasement which our proud nature needs.

Forget your rights that you may be nothing; nothing as regards creatures, nothing in your own eyes, all for Him.

Have we even any rights, we, such as we are, compared to Him Who does not wish to have any and Who seeks only for the right to be loved!

The whole of His earthly life was one long and profound annihilation, "Learn of Me," He says to us, "for I am meek and humble of heart."

What was the lesson of Paray-le-Monial? See what humility is taught to St. Margaret Mary, and He showed Himself to Her lowly and humble in the Holy Eucharist!

Enter into the Heart of Jesus and there learn to abase yourself that you may understand and love His humility. We are too great, let us humble ourselves.

O Jesus, Thou art the hidden God! Hide Thyself in me and then when I myself have become a victim, let us remain eternally and for ever united to each other: Thou in my poor heart and I lost for ever in that abyss of sorrow and celestial light—Thy Heart!

"If thy eye be simple thy whole body shall be lightsome." (Matt. vi., 22).

The distinctive character of the spirit of Jesus, is loving simplicity.

Simplicity is a rare virtue springing from humility. It is truth. A child is simple, and a child is true.

Be simple with God since you are children of God. Go to Him with the audacity of little ones, "straight as an arrow," as the Curé d'Ars used to say. Oh! how Our Lord loves that.

To go to Jesus thus is to see and know Him as He is. Use the language of the saints. How different it is from the language of philosophers and of worldly men.

What words those were of Little Saint Thérèse: "If Thou wert Thérèse and I were Jesus!"

And Saint Margaret Mary: "Why wilt Thou not leave me in the ordinary path of the nuns of the Visitation. Alas! my Lord, Thou wilt be the cause of their sending me away!" (Vie et Oeuvres II., 60-64).

Saint Tèreſe of Avila when under trial complained to her divine Master: "It is thus that I treat My friends," said

Jesus to her; and she replied: "Yes, Lord, that is why Thou hast so few!" Imitate the language and holy audacity of the saints together with their simplicity. With a childlike heart say the children's prayer, that simple prayer taught to the Apostles:

"Our Father, Who art in heaven, Thy Kingdom come! Father, I need bread, something to sustain me. Give it to me. I need bread, the Living Bread—Thyself."

It is so simple, so easy to speak to the good God. Do not go to Him anxious about this or that, let Him do as He will. Ask that you may love Him; ask that you may make Him loved. That is all.

Breathe the simple atmosphere of the Tabernacle! Ah, if we only knew and understood the life of recollection and of ceaseless prayer and perpetual immolation which the Heart of Jesus lives for us in the Sacred Host! Unite yourself to Him. He is the living prayer. With Him you, too, will be souls of living prayer. But pray with your hearts . . . with simplicity and confidence.

Listen to the story of a little eight year old child.

In order to prepare herself better for Holy Communion and to show Jesus her ardent desire to receive Him, she deprived herself of drinks during a whole summer and did not even take fruit or anything. But Our Lord is never outdone in generosity. He rewarded this heroism by communicating Himself sensibly to her at the

time of Communion. The little girl, thinking that everyone was favored as she was, spoke to any one of what Jesus said to her. When I pointed out to her that she should not do this, she said:

"Why?"

"Because those are secrets between yourself and Jesus, and if you tell them to others, no matter who, Jesus may be silent."

"Oh! I understand then I shall not tell any more."

However, I am going to tell you one of those divine and intimate colloquies and you will see what tenderness and familiarity can exist between God and souls.

This little flower of the Heart of Jesus, spoke to Him as a little sister would speak to her little brother, and Jesus answered in the same strain:

"My little sister, tell Me, do you love Me?" asked Jesus one day.

"My little Jesus," replied she, "those are questions one does not ask."

"Why not little sister?"

"Because You know quite well, little Jesus, that I love You and that my heart is all Yours."

"Yes," said Jesus, "I knew that, but I like to hear you tell Me that you love Me, that is why I ask you."

A short time afterwards the child had forgotten her naïve conversation, and in her turn she felt she must ask Jesus:

"My little Jesus, do You love Your little sister?"

"My little sister, that is a question one does not ask."

"Why?" said she naively.

"Because you know that My divine Heart is entirely yours."

"Well, You see, dear little Jesus, I was afraid I had done something to displease You. Now I am quite happy."

Wishing to assure myself that this was not imagination, but the work of God, I said one day to the child:

"Tomorrow, at Communion, you will ask God for a present."

"What present, Father?"

"You will say: Dear little Jesus, my confessor told me to ask You for a soul, as a proof that it is really You Who speak to me."

"What Soul?"

"Ah! you have no need to know that, only ask Him for a soul who is very difficult to convert."

And behold at her next confession she said to me:

"Father, it is all right."

And as I pretended not to understand:

"But you know quite well, Father, you told me to ask the little Jesus for a proof. Well! He said to me: 'My little sister, I have granted your request.' He also said: 'Ask Me for souls and I will give them to you. Tell the Father always to ask Me for them, and he will get them. But you must be very humble and obedient and very loving and you must offer some sacrifices so as to gain souls. Only

do nothing without your confessor's permission. If he allows it, it is well, if not, you know I prefer obedience."

"Father, the soul is coming now. Give me absolution, quickly, because Jesus told me he would come on the day I went to confession."

Then I tried to distract her by speaking of other things, but she profiting of a moment of silence, said:

"Father, please give me absolution I feel that the soul is coming: there he is!"

As the little one went towards the Altar to make her thanksgiving, I came out of the confessional, and I saw a door open opposite to me. A well known but impious man, a man whom no one had ever seen n his knees, came towards me: "Father," he said, "I do not know how it is, but I am pursued by grace and I am quite changed, I have come to confession." Oh! how touching was that avowal made through his tears. "I do not know how or why," he kept repeating; I might have shown him the little child humbly saying her penance, and said to him: "You are her conquest: you owe it to her prayer."

That is how simple souls are all powerful with the Heart of Jesus. He can refuse them nothing because they are sure of Him.

Listen again!

In my own country of Peru, I have seen the avenue where the child Jesus walked with St. Rose of Lima. I have seen the green bench on which they both

sat, like little brother and sister. One can almost see the little King sitting on the Saint's knee and then running about looking for flowers and bringing them to her.

St. Rose must have made a crown of the blossoms and put it on the head of the Divine Child: then Jesus taking the wreath put it on the head of the young saint, saying: "No, My little spouse, the roses are for thee, the thorns for Me." Be simple with Jesus, and you, too, will weave a crown for Him, a crown formed of souls conquered to His love.

Be simple, too, with others. Do not stop at creatures, they are not worth it. Avoid being too intimate with them. Seek them only for God. Keep your heart very pure. As the arrow which goes straight to its mark cleaving the air, so do you pass by secondary means without stopping at them. Look through creatures to Jesus. "Dominus est." (John xxi., 7). It is the Lord.

Be simple with yourselves..

No trouble, exaggeration or complications. Accept the chalice of your character, the humiliation of your faults.

Acknowledge also your good qualities.

See Jesus as He is and see yourself in Him such as you are!

"Into Thy Hands." (Luke xxiii., 46).

Oh! my Father! my soul, my life, my hopes, my joys, my sorrows, my eternity, all is in Thy Hands.

The life of abandonment and self-surrender is consequently the life of faith and of confiding love.

Love consists in a mutual surrender of self.

Your response to His surrender, to that which He teaches you in the arms of His Mother and the Holy Eucharist, lies in your complete confidence in Him: "Lord, I surrender myself to Thee: Thou dost will me to be here, and I will stay here and not take one step to go away. Thou dost prefer me to be elsewhere and I hasten to do Thy will. ⁽¹⁾

I desire all that Thou dost desire. There is only one place that I will never abandon: the place Thou hast given me in Thy Arms and on Thy Heart."

Oh! how beautiful, sure and sweet it is to live in the Heart of Jesus, to remain in this Tabernacle.

Let Him do the work of your sanctification. Two hands cannot write together on the same page. If you want to write with Him, He will withdraw His Hand.

Therefore, do not calculate, do not reason. He writes your life in His mercy and in His love. Let there be nothing of your own about it. He desires to do all for you, He only needs your docility and your desire to be a saint:

"What is wanting, I will supply." He says. He alone is the only guide necessary:

(1) "Thou must have no desires but those which I give thee," (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 164).

"I am a wise and learned Director Who knows how to lead souls without any danger when they abandon themselves to Me by forgetting themselves. (Vie et Oeuvres II., 69).

He will never fail and you can find Him at any time in the depths of your own soul.

Humility, simplicity and loving self-surrender in the arms of an Almighty Father, Brother and Friend, it is as the peace and sweetness of a child sleeping on its Mother's breast. All this you can find and taste in Jesus.

HOLINESS.

"This is the will of God, your sanctification."
(Thess. iv., 3).

"Come follow Me."
(Matt. xix., 21).

IT is to you who are assembled here that these words are addressed, not as to all Christians but with a special and intimate meaning. "Come, follow Me," you the disciples of My Heart. Follow Me, I am the Way. (John xiv., 6).

As there is only one Truth and one Light, Jesus Christ, (John viii., 12), so there is only one Way, and it is again, Jesus Christ. Where does this Way lead us? To life eternal and this life is He, Himself. "I am the Life," the Life and the Principle of life; "The Beginning Who also speak unto you." (John viii., 25). What is life, true life? It is holiness, and holiness is happiness and beauty. We all desire happiness, we all love beauty, but how often we deceive ourselves in our longings! We pursue apparent beauty, a beauty full of illusion and deceit. The true beauty which alone does not deceive and which remains for ever is holiness.

What then, is Holiness?

It is a ray which returns to the Sun, an atom which returns to its Centre. It is a life which returns to the inexhaust-

ible Source of Life—God. It is Jesus Christ making our life eternal. It is we ourselves living by this unique and only true **Reality—Jesus Christ**. In other words holiness is a hidden treasure, an intimate reign: the reign of God within us. It is a life or rather a germ of life. It is Jesus growing within us; Jesus Who has become for us the principle of thought, will, happiness, and strength. Holiness is an assimilation of Jesus. It begins in a mystery of faith and culminates in a mystery of love. It is faith consummated in an expansion of love.

In what does Sanctity consist?

Not in the marvels of which we read concerning Saint Francis of Assisi or Saint Tèrese of Avila, for example. Do not confound two things! The extraordinary, that which is a luxury of grace, is not the substance of the intimate life which makes saints. Jesus was Jesus before Thabor. Let Him give you any form He pleases: the substance of sanctity is faith, charity and sacrifice.

If the word sanctity frightens, it is because it is not understood, it is because people have a false idea of holiness. However humble, however hidden, however ignored of men and of herself a soul may be, if she loves, if she believes, if she sacrifices herself—and that strongly, generously—she is holy, she possesses true sanctity; and perhaps in eternity, she will be placed among the admirable saints

whose histories show forth such heroism and such great works.

Holiness is a possible Reality.

Holiness is a possible reality because it is the work of a God of love, an all-powerful God and because it is more than the impulse of the soul towards Jesus: it is the impulse of Jesus towards the soul.

It does not consist so much in possessing God for He is the Illimitable, but in being possessed by Him. He comes to us. It is He Who comes down to us that He may take us in His arms and carry us. Yes, holiness comes from on High. It is God Who acts and Who sustains us. All He asks of us is confidence, effort and docility. A soul may be weak, insignificant and ailing, but Jesus comes and presses it to His Heart, and if it is submissive and docile, it becomes a saint. It is love and confidence that sanctify.

Love! and you will be saints; but love with a love of absolute confidence (1).

Is Holiness for us?

Most assuredly! It is a duty for all chosen souls. Jesus Christ calls us to it; it is what He desires of us. He is the great Sun which attracts us, dust as we are, so that He may transform us into tiny suns which will shine eternally in His presence.

(1) Saint Margaret Mary in speaking of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, said: "One need only love this Salvation of all the Saints in order to be a saint." (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 467).

Our Lord does not want souls who are only more or less good, for His apostles. There are plenty and to spare of those. He needs saints, great saints. He needs chalices full of love that they may give life by the overflow of their love. Saints are more than ever necessary because the world must be conquered. Now only Jesus Christ can conquer the world, and holiness is Jesus Christ living in us.

I forget everything. I no longer know the mechanism of human things and of human inventions, I know nothing but Jesus Christ.

One hears it said: Formerly there were saints, but now there are none. This is false. Holiness is of all times because its source is inexhaustible. There are saints, many saints, but we do not know them. Some with whom we live may be saints; they grow up around us today without our knowing it.

One day, Pope Pius X., pointing to the portrait of the Little Flower, said:

"She is the greatest saint of modern times." Yet who of those who lived with her guessed this? Who ever thought that pilgrims would visit "Les Buissonnets," and her tomb? The little nun did nothing striking; she had neither the time nor the opportunity. She never had an ecstasy. "The lack of what is extraordinary in this life is exactly that which is most extraordinary." Humble and hidden, often during her short life, tried with temptation and aridity, she suffered,

sacrificed herself and was consumed for the glory of God. There is a model for us. She possessed without knowing it, the reality of sanctity.

In our own day there are two extremes: hatred and love. As hatred increases, so too, does love, there is, as it were, a phalanx of all-conquering love.

It is an evil age; but it is also an age of great saints. We live in days when sanctity is blossoming forth on all sides. Pessimists doubt this, but they are wrong. Especially since Pius X. gave us his decree on Frequent Communion, souls are attracted by love and give themselves up to it.

I knew one of those privileged souls, who was certainly a marvel of grace, but a marvel also of fidelity to grace.

Endowed with rare gifts of nature, very talented and at the same time charmingly simple, she was a little queen in her family. The father especially, was proud of his daughter, but worldly and rich as he was he never thought of the obstacles to virtue which his child might encounter in the world. At any price he wanted to enjoy her society and to show her to others. When barely fifteen years of age she was obliged to accompany him everywhere. There were no balls or parties, no receptions or theatres to which he did not take his little queen. Yet the young girl, attired as a princess, wore a hair-shirt beneath her silk dress and her jewels. When they spoke to her of

entertainments, she begged with tears not to be asked to go, but her father expected it and she had to obey. So she donned her evening dress with her eyes swimming with tears. Before starting, she threw herself before the Sacred Heart: "O Jesus my Beloved," she prayed, "I leave my heart in Thine." Then she went with her father, but she lived only for her Lord. Her union with Jesus was so great that sometimes when surrounded by hundreds of people, at a ball or at the theatre, she appeared as if in ecstasy. "I felt myself overcome by something resembling sleep," she acknowledged to me. On returning home she fell on her knees and make the Holy Hour. And six o'clock the next morning found her at Mass. She never missed a single Communion.

That is what grace can do in a soul that is not afraid of holiness. And that is what a great love of Jesus Christ can produce in a heart that He has conquered and won.

To you also Jesus says: "Come, I will be thy support and thy Way of holiness. Fear nothing. I am the Life. Bring Me only your good will."

"But," you will say, "I a saint! I have not sufficient good qualities, or strength or courage enough. I have too many faults and weaknesses and miseries."

That may be true if you look upon sanctity such as it is presented to us in the lives of certain people who never

sleep, nor eat, nor drink: who have no passions and who know neither temptation nor combat. Do not believe that the saints had a different nature from ourselves; they were all human, and they had their defects, miseries and weaknesses just as much, and perhaps more, than we have. Many of them received less than you and I but their holiness was made up of two things: grace and effort.

Jesus gives. Human nature has to consent to receive His grace and make it fruitful.

Do you think that Jesus Christ will fail you? that Jesus Christ wishing to make saints of you, will not give you the necessary graces? He will most certainly give them to you. He is all-powerful and all-good. You yourselves are poor and miserable but you have a will. Learn how to will with a true, serious and constant will, and you will become saints—through combat and by combat. It is to deceive oneself to think that there is any other way. All the saints have had to fight, it is an indispensable condition of sanctity.

There is the struggle against the darkness which surrounds us, that darkness which made Little Saint Thérèse say: "I see nothing at all, but I believe." Do not ask for light and sensible love, for it is possible to live in darkness and yet to carry within oneself both the Light and the Sun. This darkness is necessary that we may see clearly.

There is the struggle against creatures who try to hinder us on our way. These are living, conscious obstacles, but they need not hinder or stop us if we are docile to grace. Creatures have but a passing beauty, their light soon fades. Their attraction leads us astray, and passes after we have sacrificed everything to it, leaving us with only a regret that we have followed and served it. **Jesus Christ** is the only **Reality** which endures. Never put Him in the second place. If you give Him the first place you will see one day how wise you have been.

Again, there is the struggle against our repugnances, our tendency not to overcome ourselves. The saints have felt this, and we, like them, must combat this instinct courageously. Sometimes we have to take our courage in both hands and go on in spite of everything. The saints overcame themselves when they performed great austerities. They did not like the discipline and the hairshirt—one does not grow accustomed to being mortified.

There is the struggle also against discouragement. After having fought we do not always gain the victory, and our miseries continue to exist. That proves nothing. Do not let us count the steps we ascend, we shall only deceive ourselves; we cannot measure our progress. You do not grow worse as you advance, only you see more clearly. This is the explanation of how Saint T  r  se could say with the most sincere humility: "I am

only a good-for-nothing." When a soul is humble it sees very clearly.

Our life is only a succession of moral failures, of resolutions made and forgotten. And yet, "we can do all things in Him Who strengtheneth us." (Phil. iv., 13). "Omnia" All!

Only one power is necessary—the power of grace working in a docile soul. What treasures we shall find in heaven if we are only faithful. Struggle—yes! Effort—yes! but at the same time happiness. Holiness is the only real happiness, but the world will not now, and never has, understood this. The only really happy people here below are the saints, and it is remarkable that those who suffer most are the happiest. The Cross makes them like to Jesus; it is a pledge of union with His adorable Heart.

Tell me, who was ever happier than Saint Francis, the poor man of Assisi—than Saint Margaret Mary, who was a victim of love?

See Jesus at Gethsemane. There He kneels suffering and in agony, yet His Soul is lost in the Vision of God.

Jesus Crucified is the Saint of saints! And we also shall be happy and blest in possessing the Man-God and suffering with Him (1). Touch the bitterness of life with love and it will become sweet. Nature may be crushed, it may go

(1) "This divine Heart changes everything into love, even that bitterness which is most bitter." (V. de Olayres II., 480).

through agony, a veritable Gethsemane, and yet not lose its deep and supernatural peace of soul. Besides on the road to holiness one does not carry the cross alone. Jesus Christ carries it with us, and takes the greater share.

Do not be afraid, the Heart of Jesus loves you. He will not burden your shoulders with a weight above your strength, for He came to lighten our burdens and to save us. "My child," He says to you, "do not fear, we will make the journey together. I will carry thy burden and thou wilt suffer for Me. Thou wilt always rejoice if thou wilt but rest on My Heart."

Forward then, and say: **I can be a saint, I must be a saint.** Cost what it may **I will be a saint** that I may be an apostle.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, may Thy Kingdom come in Me!

SELF-SACRIFICING LOVE.

TODAY I want to speak to you of the reality of holiness through self-sacrifice.

We do not belong to a school of poets who sing of love, but who never think of living by love. These declarations and affirmations are not sufficient to make our love sincere. Our Lord is not content with that, He wants a practical love.

In what does this practical love consist?

First of all in the fulfilling of the Law: "If you love Me, keep My Commandments." (John xiv., 15). In great fidelity to duty, then, in the smallest things which are as grains of sand scattered along our paths, whereas heroic acts are very rare. It is the love which they mingle with everything that makes the saints.

But if you would love Jesus with a kind of reciprocity, go further than this and love Him with the love of the cross: live by sacrifice.

Love of the Holy Eucharist! Love of the Cross! Love of souls! These three loves cannot be separated.

It is not enough to say: I will content myself with one of them. No; One cannot and ought not to go without the other. It is for Jesus, a Victim in the Sacred Heart and for His love, that you

try to gain souls through self-sacrifice. I preach self-sacrifice precisely because I preach love, for love and sacrifice are as intimately connected as sun and light. You cannot love without suffering and you cannot suffer without loving. I love the Cross because of the Crucified, and I love Christ because of His Cross.

When Jesus shows us His Wounded Heart in Holy Communion, how can we tell Him that we love Him unless we have some sacrifices to unite to His, and to give Him for the salvation of souls? You must seal your love with the seal of self-sacrifice, for it is sacrifice which is really fruitful. "I am the wheat of Christ," said Saint Ignatius of Antioch, "and I must be ground by the teeth of beasts that I may become pure bread for God." Let us also become as wheat that we may be victims of love: *Amoris Victima*. You will become as purest wheaten flour, pure and nutritious, if only you become daily more humble, more docile and more patient.

We must sacrifice ourselves and in exchange ask Our Lord to give us success that is divine. He never refuses. Be ingenious in finding matter for small sacrifices. There are thousands for which you need no special permission. The very resolution to go to Holy Communion daily will entail sacrifice; and to devote yourself to the apostolate will be a fruitful source of occasions of self-immolation.

Be loving and generous, for it is love

that gives the value to sacrifice. If you deprive yourself of something for Jesus you are thinking of Him. Ah! this remembrance of Jesus at all times how sweet it is.

But the real love of suffering is the love of that which He sends us Himself. He the Crucified Master! The best way to practise self-sacrifice is to know how to adore Him always in every little cross that He sends. "Fiat! As Thou wilt Lord." "I long to give thee My heart," said Jesus to St. Margaret Mary, "but before I can do so thou must make thyself My victim of self-immolation." (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 84).

The first of our crosses will perhaps be that we cannot choose our own. *Fiat voluntas tua*—those which God wills. There is the cross of our character—we are a cross to ourselves and a cross that we cannot change.

The cross of our faults; they purify us in humiliating us. "My daughter," said Our Lord to a religious, "I bless thee and smile while watching thee. I accept thy desire and thy will to correct thyself and leave thee the discipline of thy character. Thou wilt never know in this world the degree of sanctity thou hast attained. My daughter, I build my sanctuary on the ruins of thy self love, even the permanent sanctuary of My love."

Even our helplessness sanctifies us. Our Lord said again: "The greatest and most beautiful work is that of thy sancti-

vention, wrought by Me out of thy weakness: I will make thee a saint if thou wilt only love Me."

And what about your plans, even the best of them? Our Lord often overthrows them. We have plans for Him and He has quite other plans for us.

"Let Me act. Do not trace either thy own path or Mine. I am the Way! If thou dost desire Me to reign I must necessarily command: but I command in love. Dost thou want Me to direct the helm of thy bark, and to arrange or disarrange thy plans?"

Fiat, Lord, do not leave the choice to me: speak only one word that which Thou dost desire."

One day Saint T  r  se was going into retreat and she had planned to perform great penances: but she fell ill and it was good-bye to her famous projects of mortification. Fever prevented her from praying. She complained to Our Lord Who replied: "Thou wert preparing penances for thyself and I have sent thee one ordained by Me. Thou didst desire to mortify thyself, but it is I Who will mortify thee." The Saint understood and praised her loving Master. May you also be attentive and supernaturalized that you may recognize each of your sufferings as sent by Jesus.

We suffer again from creatures, who are not as we would like them to be, because they are not such as God desires them to be. But how can we expect

that others should be perfect if we ourselves are so far from being so? They are as we are, and we cannot ask them to be angels when we are not angels ourselves.

Then there is the suffering of loneliness of heart. We remain alone, misunderstood, and we are left to our own resources just when we have need of support. But we always have support in Him who dwells within us. When God predestines a soul for great things it is always in mercy that He sends crosses, anguish and suffering.

If we live by the love of Jesus, according to His thoughts and His Will, we shall say in the face of all trials: All that Thou wilt Lord! And in this way also we shall receive the cross of our interior trials, of temptations and of intimate sorrows and nameless anguish.

Again, there is the cross of the rebellion of our human nature, of our senses: I desire to be Thine, O my God. pure and holy for Thee and my senses tell me the contrary. This is the cross from which St. Paul asked to be delivered: "No," replied Our Lord, "My grace is sufficient for thee." (Cor. xii., 9).

Dost thou think I am going to exempt thee from the combat because I desire to give thee My Heart? Dost thou desire thorns for Me and flowers and success for thyself? My child, I scourge thee by thy senses that thou mayest also join in the work of expiation.

Humble yourselves in peace. You cannot perform great penance and He comes to your aid, by sending you crosses. In eternity you will bless Him for this because you will see then how each suffering was a seed of glory.

There is the cross of illness and of the precautions which our health demands, let all be for God's glory. How many of the saints have been infirm and ill, who would never have become saints at all without such miseries. Physical suffering draws us near to the Man of Sorrows, with it we may purchase many souls.

We have, too, family sorrows, mourning and death come to the happiest homes, and separations come to break for a time, bonds which we thought eternal. We love—and our beloved ones die.

And can we ask why such things happen? Should we be spared when we see that Jesus did not spare His pure and holy Mother? If Mary whom Jesus loved so tenderly suffered so much, it is a proof that the cross is a pledge of divine predestination. It is not always a sign of God's displeasure, but in most cases the divine seal of His love. It is to be regretted that so many souls deceive themselves on this point. Saint T  r  se says that three quarters of the prayers addressed to God could be summed up in this invocation: "From crosses and sufferings, deliver us O Lord." And people want to be saints! They will listen willingly to conversations about mortification, they

admire the penance of the Fathers of the Desert, they are pained continually: "My God, I love Thee!"—but let them receive a pin-prick, let some one annoy them, let them experience some trial or some illness, and they are afraid and fail to understand.

On the other hand there are souls who are attracted by immolation, those who can echo those words of Saint T  r  se: "To suffer or to die!"

Apostles of the Heart of Jesus, how can you be instrumental in working for His glory if you have not a love of the Cross? The Master says to you as to Saint Margaret Mary: "Receive the cross which I give thee and set it up in thy heart, having it always before thine eyes and carrying it in the arms of thy affection. To carry it thus is to embrace it lovingly, every time it is presented to thee, as the most precious pledge of My love." (*Vie et Oeuvres* I. 115-116).

Yes, do not drag it, but embrace it. When you are afraid of the cross you still find it; it is inevitable—but you do not find with it the Crucified One. If you carry it, it will soon carry you; the bleeding arms of the Savior will support you. The cross will be the indissoluble bond between His Heart and yours and you will be happy while suffering. The gospel of the world says: "No!"; that of Paray-le-Monial says: "Yes." Saint Mary Magdalen of Douai knew this when she kissed the walls of her cell, saying: "Lord, Thou hast deceived me; I was told that

here I should find nothing but thorns and destitution. I came all the same and I have found Thee, and with Thee there is no more agony, no more Calvary."

"Thou hast found Me," was the reply, "there where I am on the Cross!"

So let us love Jesus, such as He is, transfigured by the suffering of love.

O chosen portion of His Heart, do not look for any other inheritance but His. Desire no other beauty, for it is a beauty which He retains in heaven with His stigmata and His open Wound of love.

He reigns by His Cross which is the instrument of His conquest: do not you seek for any other weapon. Impress upon your souls the stigmata of the Passion of Christ (Gal. vi., 17). Be among the little group of valient souls who accompany Jesus beyond the breaking of bread even to Calvary!

Keep and cherish in your hearts these three loves:

Love of the Holy Eucharist!

Love of Souls!

Love of the Cross!

JESUS IN THE GOSPEL.

DO you know Christ as He really is? Such as He is presented to you in the Gospel?

The great evil of our day is that Jesus Christ is not known even among christians. Unbelievers deny His divinity; they call Him "super-man."

As for Christians, they do not believe sufficiently in the divine humanity of Jesus. They look upon Him as a distant God, different from themselves and so far above them that He is no longer their Brother. They suppress His Incarnation and the sublime nearness of His resemblance to us—a nearness that His love willed.

Even pious souls only know Him imperfectly. They imagine to themselves a minimized and disfigured Jesus, a Jesus Who is no longer Jesus.

We must learn to know the real Jesus as He is. Jesus, the Son of Mary; Man, as we are; such as He has become for us.

That Jesus, whom you place so far off in heaven, is not the entire Jesus. The entire Jesus, is the Jesus of the Gospel; God and man, the Man-God.

"The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us." (John i., 14). He was made Flesh! What does that mean? He made Himself our Brother, in all things like unto us, sin only excepted. (Heb. iv., 15).

"The goodness and kindness of Our Savior hath appeared to us," (Tit. iii., 4), because greatness discourages and similitude attracts. He became like unto us that He might draw us to Himself. Therefore, it is our right to draw nigh to Him.

"O felix culpa!" cries the Church—happy fault which has merited for us the right to call Jesus our Brother and to know Him and love Him as such.

Would you know how far He has made Himself our Brother? He has taken our language, our affections, our feelings, our weaknesses, our infirmities, our death. He took them upon Himself, because He wished to, because He loves us! Yes, it was love which made Him come down to Bethlehem that He might clothe Himself with our leprosy and die for us.

We have our weaknesses; He has His—all the physical weaknesses which were the only ones compatible with His divine nature.

See Him in the Crib: He, the supreme Shepherd, born in a stable. Tiny, helpless and hidden in His swathing bands. He neither walks nor speaks. He needs care and help. He is nourished with a little milk and carried in His Mother's arms. He takes His first steps: look at Him—our little Brother!

As God, He knows all things; but as Man, He had to learn as we have, and like us He lisped His first words as we did.

He had to fly into Egypt because of the wickedness of men.

Later on, taking to Himself the law of labor—our labor—He plied Himself to the work of a carpenter. He worked, prayed and suffered in silence for our salvation—and He was called the "Carpenter." (Mark vi., 3).

What can we tell Thee of the sufferings of the poor that Thou dost not already know, O Thou, the Poor Workman of Nazareth. Who art so attractive in Thy poverty? Thou hast known hunger and cold, and above all, Thou hast had to endure the disdain and contempt with which the world treats those who have neither houses, nor land, nor money. "What does He know?" asked Thy accusers, "what right has He to be a Master in Israel?"

When He grew up He kept this weakness. He slept in the boat during the tempest, and His disciples had to awaken Him.

He was weary when seated at Jacob's well, and He asked the Samaritan woman to give Him to drink. He thirsted for that soul—and He thirsts for ours. How much fatigue He bore for us. How often were His feet wounded with the stones of the wayside. Ah! if men only knew how Jesus loves them—all of them, even those who are indifferent towards Him—if they only knew how He seeks them as He sought the Samaritan Woman!

Later on, on Calvary, we hear again of His thirst. His insatiable thirst for souls; but then only gall and vinegar will be

offered to Him to quench it and He will die parched with His burning thirst.

So you see how He has felt hunger and thirst and fatigue and the need of repose. Sometimes He let Himself be vanquished as though He were powerless. You remember the woman of Chanean, Jesus knew that He would work that miracle, but He wanted that woman's confidence, and that is why, doing violence to His Heart, He answered her: "I came not but to the sheep that are lost of the House of Israel." (Matt. xv., 24). Yet, Lord, Thou art come for everyone, Thy teaching and Thy words betray Thy Heart. When you have the faith of the Chanaanite, you will obtain everything—Jesus will let Himself be vanquished by you.

He allowed Himself to be received by Simon without any marks of honor, merely as a passing guest. He was humiliated. He asked for things as though all did not belong to Him; He stretched out His Hands suppliantly and received nothing—and He was resigned.

He has experienced loneliness. Where were His friends on Calvary?

In Gethsemane He let Himself be bound as a malefactor and He offered no resistance. He was insulted, scoffed at, scourged, crowned with thorns.

He climbed the Hill of Calvary and fell—He accepted help. He—the All-powerful. He let Himself be crucified.

He used our language and expressed

Himself in our way. Knowing all things, He questioned as *one* who did not know. "What do men say of Me?" "What wilt thou?"

In Galilee, in Judea, in Jerusalem. He came and went, preaching and calling all men to Himself. "Come ye all to Me." Listen and understand: it was His Heart that spoke. His Heart wounded with love!

Let us penetrate further still into the intimacy of Jesus and we shall see that His feelings were those of a Brother and that His Heart beats as ours. He loved as we do, all that we love legitimately; those who belong to us.

His first love was, as ours, the love of His Mother. Oh, how dearly He loved His Mother, whom He had created Immaculate, absolutely to His taste, and to whom He owed His human nature, that is to say, that aptitude for suffering which was not in His divine nature.

He loved His country—it had sheltered His Crib! Tenderness is the flower of love: Jesus had infinite tenderness for His disciples, His friends, the little ones that clamored round Him and the poor.

Like us, He had His preferences—He preferred Peter, and John the beloved, the spoilt child of His Heart.

When we love much we look for a return, we are jealous. He said to Saint Peter: "Lovest thou Me more than these?"

Ah! if only the ear of our heart were

well attuned we should hear, a hundred times a day, the voice of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament say to us as to the Apostle: "Lovest thou Me—lovest thou Me more than others?"

And because sometimes His advances are met with a cruel silence which proves our want of love, He mourns and pleads, begging for our compassion, our consolation, our reparation—yet, He is Jesus, He is God.

After having so loved you He surely has the right to be jealous if you do not say to Him: "Master, I love Thee more than others. Thou art the King of my heart."

We need friendship! He had Bethany! How beautiful it was! What intimacy was there! "He rested under their roof and accepted their services." At Bethany Jesus was surrounded by friends—He was at home. The angels were only travelling witnesses of this intimacy. He has never said to them: "You are My friends." How they profited by His presence.

We feel the need of confiding in someone. Jesus has felt this need; the need of weeping and of opening one's heart in one's sorrows; and it was in the intimacy of Bethany that Jesus poured out the grief and disappointments of His Heart. There He spoke of things that He did not speak of elsewhere. He spoke of the blindness of the pharisees and of their efforts to turn the people against Him.

He told them of Judas into whose heart Satan had entered: "I wish to confide these things to you. But have you no sorrows? Tell them to Me for you are "My friends."

And in this thrice-blessed house He wrought the conversion of Magdalen and the resurrection of Lazarus.

Oh! delicious friendship of Bethany in which only one thing—the absence of Jesus—was dreaded, thou art worthy of all envy!

Has He changed? No! that which He was, He is always! "Jesus Christ, yesterday, today, and the same for ever." (Heb. xiii., 8).

In Him nothing changes. He dwelt amongst us—He still dwells amongst us, not two steps away. And today, it is we, who are His apostles and His intimate friends.

Therefore, it is for us to give Him back the joy and the repose of Bethany—it is for us to give Him other friendly homes.

What shall I now say of His compassion? That, too, was essentially and profoundly human.

All who suffer have a right to it, the poor, the sick, and above all, sinners, who are the children of His boundless mercy.

The Son of Man came to seek sinners, "they that are in health need not a physician, but they that are ill." (Matt. ix., 12).

The source of the compassion of Jesus

was His mercy. In the face of sorrow He cannot hold back. All our miseries have found an echo in His Heart, and all His miracles are the fruit of His compassionate Heart.

When the crowds forget everything to follow Him into the desert, captivated by the charm which radiated from His adorable Person and by the sublimity of His doctrine, He, the infinitely kind Savior thought of them: His Heart was touched and from His Lips fell those words of ineffable pity: "I have compassion on the multitude." (Matt. viii). And He multiplied the bread with which to feed them. He goes wherever He is asked that He may cure, raise to life and console.

He even arranges meetings that He may have an opportunity of working miracles; the widow of Naim wept; He passed, stopped and gave her back her child..

How tenderly did His eyes seek out the lepers, the paralytics and the blind that He might cure them with a smile, and with a loving blessing. If they could not approach Him, He separated the crowd and compassionately drew near. He looked at them, stretched out His Hand to them and they rose cured—and with their souls cleansed.

At Bethany, Lazarus was dead when He arrived; but how marvellously He made up to the two sisters. How kind Jesus must have been for a creature to be able to say to Him: "Thou, our

Friend, wert not there."

One day, on the Cross, the Jews defied Him: "If Thou art the Son of God come down from the Cross." But He would not do so. For others He would work miracles—but not for Himself. Again, He became Man that He might call even His executioners His brothers, and that He might obtain their pardon: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do! Father, do not punish them, for they are but dust."

That is merciful love. There is the story of our sins and of divine forgiveness! What an immense grace and how little people think of His loving pardon.

Look at Him with Judas: He is silent. In His agony He wept bitter tears over the traitor, but less on account of His sins than because of his refusal to ask for pardon.

He had His compensation in Magdalen who repented. She loved. Broken down by the very force of this compassion, she arose, and is caught into the abyss of mercy as she had been caught in the abyss of sin. The great penitent of the Sacred Heart became His faithful friend and will remain for all time the ideal of all souls who are won by His love.

Then there are the tears of Jesus! The ineffable weakness of His tears! Jesus has wept! As a little Child in the Crib, He wept the tears of childhood—tears like our own. He Who calmed the tempest and dominated crowds, was troubled and

wept by the side of the dead body of His friend; and the Jews who witnessed His tears, said: "See how He loved him." (John xi., 36). Jesus weeps over Jerusalem—His own city—and the Gospel does not record every time He shed tears!

Oh, tears of Jesus, our Brother! Divine tears which have sanctified our sorrows and our bereavements.

What tears, alas, has He not shed over sin! Tears of blood, in Gethsemane and on Calvary. Even after His death His Heart wept. Do not think that it was only the soldier's spear which wounded the Heart of the Master; that only rent the veil which hid His Heart from us. The wound in His Heart is older than that made by the lance, for He was born wounded by love.

Before leaving His own on the eve of His Passion, Jesus was sad, and He instituted the Holy Eucharist to console them.

Yes, it was His fidelity to His friends which led Him to use—-I was almost going to say abuse His Almighty Power for this excess of love. Oh! the fidelity and intimacy of the Heart of Jesus towards our souls in Holy Communion.

I shall speak to you about it again, but even now, see what love He lavishes upon us: the Shepherds and the Magi could only kiss the feet of the little King Who was lent to them by Mary; Mary and Joseph themselves could only contemplate and embrace Him; yet we are thousands

of times more happy, for we receive Him within us, and we according to the beautiful expression of Bossuet: can "devour Him."

Ah! do not change Jesus. See Him such as He is: flesh and blood, tears and sorrow. Always the same: in Palestine and at Paray-le-Monial, in all the Tabernacles throughout the ages—the Jesus of our souls and hearts.

Yes, He is all ours! And when we sing His mercies towards us in eternity, a thing His angels cannot do—we shall be able to say to Him: "Great is Thy glory, o Christ, Word of the Father, Thou art our God!" And the angels will repeat in the ecstasy of their eternal joy: "Thou art our God." But we only will add, we only can add: "Thou art our Brother!"

JESUS, THE SAME FOR EVER.

IN THE HOLY EUCHARIST AND
IN THE MANIFESTATION OF
HIS HEART.

YOU have seen Jesus, "meek and humble of Heart," (Matt. xi., 29), pass before your eyes in the pages of the Gospel. Do not allow this divine vision to be effaced. Be as other Veronicas and keep His image deeply imprinted and engraved on your souls.

Jesus, King, Brother, Friend!

It is the Christ of the Gospel, Who is the same in the Holy Eucharist and in the manifestation of His Heart to Margaret Mary. It is the eternal Christ—He, Whose reign we must further.

If at Bethlehem and on Calvary there was a transfiguration which appeals more to our hearts than that of Thabor, there is a continual, permanent and still greater transfiguration in the Holy Eucharist. There Jesus, always the same Jesus, washed in His Blood and weeping for very love of us, makes Himself the Flesh of our flesh and Soul of our soul—and becomes ever more lowly and draws ever closer to us.

Jesus Christ, today. (Heb. xiii., 8).

Yes, the very same as in the Crib. Even today the swathing bands of the

Host envelop, hold and imprison Him. He is little, weak, helpless and silent in His Tabernacle. He speaks the language of infancy. When He hungers and thirsts for love, He stretches out His arms to you as to His Mother. He appeals to you as He appealed to her, as He appealed to St. Margaret Mary with such a loving gesture: "My daughter help My Almighty Power."

How wonderful is the helplessness of Jesus in the Sacred Host! The Tabernacle is the continuation of the humble cottage at Nazareth, where hidden and silent, Jesus prays for the salvation of the world and works for our sanctification. It is, with the true, intimate and constant presence of the beloved Master, Bethany over again. There our heart can overflow into His divine Heart. There we possess Him at all times and in all places. The disciples lived with Him only for three years, and He is with us even to the consummation of the world. They saw their divine Master only in one place at a time, but the Mystery of His Love multiplies churches from whence He teaches.

The Altar is Calvary, where Jesus offers Himself a thousand times a day.

The Altar is Gethsemane, where Jesus suffers in intense solitude whilst the cries of hatred and the foolish clamor of the world break in upon the stillness.

And His words are the same as in Palestine—such simple and yet such sublime words. Because He is Love, He

speaks of love to each of us. "My child, I love thee; love Me. I long to be loved and I give thee My Heart that thou mayest show it to others. Help Me. I am imprisoned in the Holy Eucharist. Tell the world that I am wounded with love. Work, oh! work for My Reign."

Do you not see how Jesus, in the Holy Eucharist still has His preferences! the chosen ones of His love. Why are you here rather than others? He speaks to your souls as He does not speak to all. You are not among those who remain at a distance that they may make small account of His teaching. You have understood better than others because His Heart has drawn nigh to yours. He has stooped down to you that by enlightening you He might show you the source of life.

Let Him do as He wills. He is the Master of His own Heart. But He expects you to respond, to correspond with this grace by your devotedness and affection. You need not be jealous if He allowed St. Margaret Mary to rest on His Heart, for He Himself will rest in yours, and you will enable Him to take His repose in thousands of other hearts.

Ask Jesus to accomplish this marvelous predestination in you; ask Him to confirm in you the Pentecost of Love.

He sought out Margaret Mary that He might confide in her and tell her of His desires; He felt at home with her. And has He not told you of His desires? He revealed His sorrows to her. Have you

never felt that He speaks to you also from the depths of His Tabernacle?

Jesus in the manifestation of His Heart at Paray-le-Monial and in the Holy Eucharist, is always our Savior Jesus, meek and humble, infinitely merciful and compassionate, always sorrowful and suppliant.

Try to establish other Bethanies. We must have many living homes for Jesus. Proclaim the sovereignty of His love and mercy: those who suffer and weep, the unhappy, the little ones and the wretched have a special claim on His Heart.

To you, as to John and Magdalen and Margaret Mary, He confides the glory of His Heart and says to each of you: "Be My apostle—I desire to reign in thee and by thee."

You are His precursors—He will go where you prepare the way for Him; He will go where you knock at the door for Him, and He will enter where you invite Him, saying: "Enter, Lord."

He is as merciful as on Calvary and in His sublime condescension He repeats "I am not loved, but I will conquer indifference and hatred by love."

Tell me, is not He the same Jesus, the Jesus of Bethany, of Gethsemane, and of Paray—the Jesus of yesterday and of today.

We are always agitated; He is immutable. We change; He never changes. "Ipse manet."

Let us remain in Him. Let us advance in His love that we may become saints and victorious apostles.

Conquer souls for Him. Have a burning zeal to gain hearts who for all eternity will help to praise the Heart of Jesus!

JESUS, THE PRISONER OF LOVE.

A Visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

HAVE you ever meditated on the unfathomable mystery of divine love, which led Jesus to make Himself our Captive, a Prisoner in our tabernacles.

Look at Him through the veil which hides Him from our eyes; see Him behind the door. He is there, bound by His own Heart.

Twenty centuries ago, with a breaking Heart and His brow still wet with His Mother's tears, Jesus climbed the hill of Sion and came with His disciples to the room where the Last Supper was to be celebrated.

Love urged Him, and He Who had always loved us with a boundless love, in this sublime hour loved us to excess. He made Himself our Bread, apparently lifeless and annihilated—He gave Himself to us in the Sacred Host even to the consummation of the world.

O Jesus, love hath conquered Thee. Praised for ever be Thy Eucharistic Heart!

What a prodigy of humility! The God of heaven, the Sovereign King of the earth made Himself the slave of men. He, Who gave us life, annihilated Himself. He, Who broke our chains took them upon Himself and has remained a Prisoner ever

since that night in the Cenacle.

Holy Thursday was but the dawn of that long series of centuries of love and agony during which Jesus in the Eucharist remains the Guest of our hearts—and this Sacrament of love and faith will be perpetuated until the last Host is consumed in the heart of the last communicant.

Yes, Thou art ours, O Prisoner of the Tabernacle! Thou art in our power. Allow us then to draw nigh to Thy prison, to kiss Thy chains and to bless the walls that retain Thee amongst us; Oh, may we weep for love in meditating on the sublime and incomprehensible captivity of the Son of the living God. It is no traitor who delivers Thee up to us, but Thy own most loving Heart; Thou Thyself hast opened to us this Prison of love. And yet here, in the Sacred Host, Thou art ignored and forgotten even by Thy own.

Behold for how many centuries Thou hast dwelt amongst us longing to enter intimately into our life—and yet, alas, Thou art always a Guest kept at a respectful distance—nay, Thou art almost a stranger in the midst of Thy children. Thou didst tell St. Margaret Mary that the greatest of Thy sorrows was to be ignored by those of Thy own house.

To love and not to be loved! to bless and to be cursed! to shower down gifts and to receive injuries in return; thus is indeed an unjust and cruel return, an odious ingratitude! Yet it is the daily bread of Thy voluntary exile amongst us.

O sweet Savior and thus the mortal anguish of Gethsemane is continued down the centuries.

Yes, that terrible night which Jesus spent overwhelmed with loneliness and dejection, far from those He loved, is prolonged in all earth's sanctuaries. Blasphemy, denial, indifference, impurity, pride, sacrilege—all the whole torrent of iniquity mounts like a tidal wave even to His very Face and profanes It as did the kiss of Judas.

And yet Jesus stays with us—a Prisoner of love, betrayed by His own Heart. He is there enveloped by the outrages of men, seated on the bench of the accused—His crime is great—for He has loved men with a divine and infinite love.

Look at Him clothed in the white mantle of a fool. He has so loved the world, that the world has accused Him of folly--and, in fact, His love on Calvary stretched to folly and does so still in the Sacred Host.

Have we never been ashamed of the redeeming folly of Jesus? Have we never wounded Him by our human respect? See how He is outraged because He yearned to give peace to the world. In the Tabernacle He is the object of the incessant mockery of the so-called wise and powerful ones of the earth. He continues to be the laughing stock even of those who fear Him in His apparent inaction and sacramental silence. "Thou Who didst raise the dead," cry the incredulous,

"Come forth, if Thou canst from the tomb." "If Thou art King," sneer those in authority, "if it be true that Thou art God living in this Host, tell us who has struck Thee." And they strike Him by sacrilegious laws, they profane His temples, they insult the meekness of His silent Heart which is ever ready to pardon them. He is silent because in the Holy Eucharist He is the incarnation of mercy and love.

Let us, too, be silent and we shall hear the beating of this Heart telling us of Its secret sorrows:

Israel, My chosen people! Israel has demanded My condemnation—it has exacted My death and prepared My Cross. Israel, for whom I scourged the Egyptians has in its turn scourged Me. I have broken its chains and it has bound its Savior's hands. I gave it manna in the desert, and it has woven for Me a crown of thorns. I brought forth miraculous water from the rock to quench its thirst and it has mocked at the burning thirst of My agony. I came down from heaven and desired to remain with it in the midst of the desert in the mystical ark; how often have I not yearned to shelter it under My wings—and Israel has put Me to death.

Why do My people continue to despoil Me of My sovereignty? Why do they still draw lots for My garments and expose My Gospel of love and consolation to derision? See how the multitudes wrestle

against My law: see how entire nations seduced by pride have spilt the unity of My teaching and torn the seamless tunic of My Church!

My Heart is crushed in hearing today from the depths of My Tabernacle as formerly in Pilate's hall, the clamor of so many who would show Me to the crowd from this altar, shouting: "We will not have this man to reign over us."

O Israel, I will pardon thee! My cherished vine has brought forth nothing but thorns which encircle My Heart.

And yet, behold this Heart which has never ceased to love you—you have cost Me so much! (Extracts from the Holy Hour). ⁽¹⁾

What a happy change must have come over those unhappy and afflicted ones who met Jesus alone, face to face, at a turning of the road in Judea. How consoled were the privileged ones of Jerusalem, Naim and Bethany, to pour out their tears and prayers into the Heart of Jesus during such a favorable moment.

Yet we are as happily privileged. We have met Jesus of Nazareth at the Altar. He is there. O mystery of tender love! If we only understood the ineffable happiness of having Him for the companion of our exile—close to us, so close that when He blesses us the shadow of His Hand falls upon us.

Yes! Our Lord is close to our poor

(1) Holy Hour in ENGLISH and in FRENCH to be obtained from: National Center of the Work.

souls. His ever open Wounds speak to Him of earth and inclines Him sweetly to listen to the pleading supplications which reach Him from this land of exile, even while He attends to the celestial hymns.

He lowers Himself to the abyss of our nothingness because He thirsts for our souls. And we must go forward even to the abyss of His Heart that we may lose ourselves therein!

He thirsts to see us gather round Him. So often He calls and His voice is lost in the desert. He pleads, and His prayer dies away into silence. He laments and His sighs are stifled by the songs of His ungrateful children.

The Man-God saw all these affronts. When He consecrated the Eucharistic Bread for the first time, He tasted all their indescribable bitterness. Yet His Heart did not hesitate because He saw you also, you faithful souls who before this Altar would lift up your hearts to console and praise Him.

Oh, all ye who have come to break in upon the silence of His prison of love and to make up to Him for the bitterness of His captivity, listen to His word.:

I bless you because I was hungry and that leaving your rest you have come to break with Me the bread of charity! I look upon you as Mine because I was thirsty and you had compassion on Me and wept with Me. I press you to My Heart, because touched and saddened to see the solitude of My Tabernacle, you

have come to offer Me a delightful companionship. Amen, amen I say to you, your names are written for ever in letters of fire and of blood in the depths of My Heart which so loves you.

Rest on My Heart as I repose on you, oh, privileged children of My love.

If you have kept Me company when I was alone and forgotten—if you have consoled Me when so many others saddened Me, if you have so often broken through the icy indifference which surrounds My lonely prison, how could I prefer the joyous canticles of My angels to the appeals of your sorrow-stricken souls, when you desire to rest on My Heart that you may be consoled.

Behold this Heart so full of infinite tenderness, do not fear. I can heal the deepest wounds, do not hesitate. Come, oh! come to Me. I alone understand how solitude and the ingratitude of one's own dry up the soul; come and weep with Me and you will most certainly be consoled.

Show Me the wounds of your soul, whilst I unveil to you the bleeding Wound of My Sacred Side. Ah! what a similitude there is between us! How much alike are the sighs which escape us under the weight of human sorrow here below.

You who are at the very dawn of life already feel the fatigue of exile—Come to Me. Time is only a passing shadow, but heaven is eternal.

Come, ye who hunger and thirst after justice! Have courage. Arise, and that

you may be able to continue the conflict, partake of the Living Bread, My Eucharist—you will be strengthened in the paradise of My Heart.

I am a Prisoner and you have come to visit Me. Oh! do not leave Me, make Me the captive of your loving hearts.

This is the hour wherein the Son of Man shall be betrayed." (Matt. xxvi., 45).

Was it not to seek Me that you came to the foot of the Altar. Draw near, I am Jesus of Nazareth! Behold My Hands, I deliver them to you, encircle them with the strongest and most invincible bonds of love; take My Heart also and let it be for ever imprisoned in yours. Then go forth into the world and make known both My love and the abandonment in which I am left. Bring Me this unhappy world which aches for consolation. Bring Me souls, and awaken in them the thirst for Holy Communion. I am Jesus, that is to say, Savior. I came for those who need pardon and mercy and love. To all I show the healing Well—My Heart which pardons everything. I am God's pardon. Yes, come all to Me. Longinus opened My Heart, but I have widened this saving Wound. I call to It the just and the wicked, the ungrateful and the wretched, and to all I offer a refuge of eternal happiness.

It is the Heart of your God and it beats with tenderness and mercy.

It is the Heart of your Elder Brother and It is your inheritance which shall

never be taken away from you.

O, you who have so much need of love, come, come to Me! I am the King of Love Who keeps the thorns for Himself and offers you pure joys; come and quench your thirst. My Heart is the Source of Living Water springing forth to life everlasting. Come! and in return give Me your heart.

O loving Captive, do Thou Thyself enchain these souls who long to share in the loneliness of Thy Tabernacle. They ask Thee that their captivity like Thine may be eternal; they beseech Thee to imprison them during life and at death in the unfathomable abyss of Thy Wounded Side.

O Heart of Jesus triumph! Be in the Holy Eucharist the holiness and heaven of souls! Be their paradise of love, be Thou their All!

Yes, Lord, Thou wilt conquer by Holy Communion; Thou wilt dominate the whole earth by the loving almighty power of the Sacred Host.

Through It Thou wilt again win to Thyself those whom Thou hast already conquered by loving them even unto the death of the Cross—nay, even to the immolation of the Eucharist. Be Thou King in Thy own sanctuaries. May the silence of Thy prison be henceforth interrupted by the hymns of the entire universe, the hymns of families, peoples and nations: hymns of love which echo from all parts of the world Thou hast redeemed!

Praise be to the divine Heart which has wrought our salvation. To Him and to Him alone be glory and honor for ever and ever!

(Extracts from the Holy Hour).

O Sacred Heart of Jesus may Thy Kingdom come through love of the Holy Eucharist! Come, take ye and eat! These three words are a sovereign order for us, establishing as they do an indissoluble bond between our spiritual and eternal life and the Heart of Jesus immolated in the Holy Eucharist. All the manifestations of the worship of the Sacred Heart have the Holy Eucharist for their starting point, and all of them, if they are to be pleasing to Our Lord, must in one way or another converge towards the Blessed Sacrament.

To convince yourselves of this, read the marvelous gospel written by Saint Margaret Mary. I use the word "gospel" because it deals only with the adorable Person of Jesus Christ, His law of love and His rights to be loved and to reign by His Heart. There is no detail mentioned in it which does not throw, into even more attractive relief, the Person of Our Savior; and ever the same way is indicated by which we may reach Him: the way which leads to the Tabernacle.

It is there first of all that Our Lord waits for us to pay homage to His Heart which has so loved men. It is there that He yearns to receive most fervent and solemn reparation, for it is there, in the

Blessed Sacrament of the Altar that His love and His Heart are most forgotten. It is there above all that in every sense of the words He must continue to be the King and Centre of all hearts, of all homes and of all people. A love which does not seek Him there, where His divine Heart lives and palpitates, could only be a velleity and would not deserve the name of love.

Oh, how many reasons have we not each one more powerful and urgent than the other, to desire that God would hasten the intimate Reign of His Sacred Heart through the Holy Eucharist. We need this so, especially in these days of moral anaemia, of hesitation, of timidity and of convention: which are all so many sins of human prudence.

The tempest does not seem to be abating, on the contrary it rages more furiously and threatens to ravage the Christian camp. The Church is more attacked than ever—yet once again the combat will turn to Her glory, if we so will. What I mean is that if we, the active members and fibres of the Church are animated by the divine Blood and Spirit, by an intense Eucharistic life, we shall be full of strength for the combat and we shall sing of victory with Him and by Him.

It is not from her enemies that the Church has most to fear, but from her own children who fall away. What she dreads is the immense number of those who respond to Our Lord's advances only

by ingratitude, even when to support us in crossing the desert of life, He gives us Himself in the Eucharistic Manna.

Oh, if we did but understand, as the saints do, that a single, fervent Communion is a great battle gained for the Church!

The time in which we live is solemn and perhaps decisive. Do you not feel the earth trembling beneath your feet? But there is time yet to avert the terrible catastrophe. Do you know what society needs and what the Church reclaims in this great crisis? Apostles of love, those who will enkindle the fire of love, as much among priests as among the laity. Do not doubt it! If a hundred infidels suffice to pervert an entire population, one real apostle, a single one, is sufficient to save a hundred populations from shipwreck.

Nevertheless that supposes a strength of soul which is not, alas, the dominant note of our day—impoverished of divine strength; that supposes a power, akin to almighty power, which man does not possess.

Therefore the apostle, the true son of the Holy Church who would fight and conquer must be almighty and made divine—must be another Jesus. But how can this be? By love of the Holy Eucharist. And in fact it was with this weapon that the early heroes of Christianity fought in the arenas. Jesus in the Eucharist alone possesses the secret of producing legions of martyrs among those who would be

vanquished by human weakness. Yet such legions are indispensable to us to-day. It is urgent for them to come and reinforce our battle lines; for soldiers, who fight the Lord's battles in the front line exposed to every danger, become every day rarer and rarer.

Go then and bathe in the Blood of the Lamb and you will learn the difficult science of self-immolation even unto martyrdom, if God so willed. Clothe yourself with the divinity of Jesus in the Sacred Heart and you will participate in His saving power.

Do not fear Him; do not fear the weight of such glory. Draw near to His Altar, drink His chalice, fix your dwelling in His Heart. Then set to work courageously at the work of regeneration. Draw many souls to the Source of Life, the open Side of your Savior, by your example and your apostolic zeal.

If the very shadow of Peter had a miraculous power of healing (Acts v., 15), if, by only touching Our Lord's garments suffering disappeared (Matt. ix., 10), what marvels of grace and mercy will not the living Jesus work, Who from His sanctuary pours forth torrents of divine life!

He is the Sun which rises radiantly upon a ruined world, bringing fecundity that He may bring forth around His Tabernacle a new society formed from His divine Blood.

This society will be, by excellence, the society of His Sacred Heart.

REPARATION.

*An instruction which may be used for
the Holy Hour.*

REPARATION is the true spirit of the revelations of Paray-le-Monial. To console Our Lord for the crimes of the wicked, the ingratitude of His friends, and especially for the lukewarmness and indifference of the good, of those who have received much of religious.

He said to Saint Margaret Mary: "Behold this Heart, which has so loved men that It has spared nothing even to exhausting and consuming Itself to prove to them Its love, and in return I receive from the greater number nothing but ingratitude." (*Vie et Oeuvres* ii, 102). "This I feel more deeply than all that I suffered in My Passion. If they would return Me love for love, I should think but little of all that I have suffered for them, and should wish if possible, to suffer still more. But instead of love I meet with coldness and rebuffs on every side in return for all My eagerness to do them good. Do them at least a small Me by supplying for their ingratitude as far as thou art able." (*Vie et Oeuvres* ii., 71-72).

As we have seen, the crimes of the wicked are multiplied. Our Lord is outraged in the most horrible ways. Not only is Love not loved, but alas! He is insulted,

scoffed and blasphemed! "Is there no one who will take pity and compassion on Me and share in My sorrow in the pitiable state to which sinners have reduced Me in these days especially?" (*Vie et Oeuvres* i., 15).

Apostles of the Sacred Heart, what answer have you to these touching words O love, love Jesus even unto folly—for the greatest reparation is love. He calls on you to console Him: "My daughter, wilt thou not give Me thy heart that I may find shelter for My suffering love which is despised by all the world?" (*Vie et Oeuvres* ii., 143).

He calls on you because you are His intimate friends. Have you not a greater right to His confidence, you who show Him more fidelity than the greater part of your fellow men! He longs to open out His Heart to you, for It contains sorrows unknown to the angels—tears which do not flow in heaven! Ah! what does it matter if you cannot sound the depths of His anguish; have you not one fibre in your heart which beats in unison with His under the violence of Its sorrows and Its conflict! Angels came to support Him in the Agony of the Garden, but you are much closer than angels to the abyss of His woe, you can gather up His tears, unite yourself to His Passion and sweeten His sorrows. Thank Him for this grace, this honor, this glory. Adore Him in His mystic agony. Adore Him in the great desolation of His Heart "It was here,"

said He to His Confidant, "that I suffered more than in all the rest of My Passion." (*Vie et Oeuvres* ii., 162).

Draw nigh, and like Saint Margaret Mary, offer Him your hearts to console Him. It is you whom He addresses today He seeks a favorable place in which He may pray and weep, and He comes to confide to you the secrets of His infinite love and grief. Listen to Him listen to Him again! Can we ever weary of hearing His words which are ever living like the Wound in His Side. "My Soul is sorrowful. The world is full of hearts who know Me not, full of those who are indifferent to Me. Some day they will come to My feet because they need Me . . . but they pass on. How rare are My true and generous friends. Sometimes I find would-be friends, those with little virtue, who desire to make a compromise between Me and the world. Everywhere I find a lack of confidence. Those who come to kneel at My Table in their days of joy and leave Me just when My Passion begins. Where are those whom I have redeemed, whom I have consoled and delivered from death? What has become of the blind souls, the leprous hearts that have been cured and cleansed in the miraculous Well of My Heart? I am saddened even unto death by the deceptions of My friends. Do you at least make reparation for this mediocrity of virtue which does not deserve the name of virtue. Love Me as I have loved you, with a great and generous love, with a

love of the Cross!

Offer your heart! ask pardon! promise to follow Jesus, not only to the Cenacle, but even to Calvary. Do you who burn with the desire of love and zeal, have pity on Him who looks for confidants, for apostles, for friends—and finds none, because it is from the Cross that He calls them, on the Cross that He suffers and saves them. Accept His Heart such as It is, crowned with thorns and surmounted with a cross—and fear not. Say to Him with your whole soul:

Thorns of the Heart of Jesus encircle our hearts.

Sufferings and agony of the Heart of Jesus, lessen our thirst for human affection.

O blessed Cross, O flames which torture the Heart Jesus, crucify our sensuality and our pride.

Bleeding Wound of the Heart of Jesus, grant that we may penetrate into this garden of Thy agony, this sanctuary of fair love and of holiness.

Yes, Jesus asks you for reparation: "See My Heart pierced and neglected in the Sacrament of My love: I thirst and burn with the desire of being loved." (*Vie et Oeuvres* ii., 600). It is here that you must come to drink of light and love—and you will not come to Me! The world wants neither Me nor My Eucharist. What a piercing anguish it is to see this supreme gift of My Heart rejected by thousands of souls. Do you not yet understand?

How long, how long!

Oh, do thou at least, beloved soul, study Me and strive to understand Me in My Eucharist, come to My Tabernacle, come at all times, but come full of confidence, not feeling thy way, as it were, and asking thyself if after all I know all things. I read hearts, say only one word to Me. I am thy Lord ⁽¹⁾. But do not give thyself to Me in the enthusiasm of the passing moment; give thyself for ever. I am the Eternal. I will guard thee in My Heart. I want from thee a gift without reserve, without division and without repentance, a promise which neither time nor trial can break—a promise—in aeternum.

It is a contract signed with the Blood of My Heart, do thou sign it with the blood of thine. The gift which I have made thee of Myself is irrevocable. Look at the Sacrament of My Love wherein I dwell for thee. Am I not there always? Have I left on account of profanation, sacrilege, indifference and forgetfulness, on account of the ingratitude of men? Where wouldst thou be if My love had grown cold, if My devotedness to thee had waned? Ah! if thou didst but see Me under the veils of the Sacred Host, if thou didst but know Who it is Who speaks to

(1) "One day when the desire to receive Our Lord tormented me, I said to Him: Teach me what Thou dost desire me to say to Thee. And He replied: Nothing but these words: My God and my All. Thou art all mine and I am all Thine." (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 165).

thee, and says: "Belong to Me," then wouldst thou beseech Me to accept thee without delay. Dost thou not understand? I am God—and thou art but a worm of the earth. One day thou wilt see Me, not now as though Thou didst already see Me. Let only one thing absorb thee: how thou canst belong to Me, and thou shalt be happy.

I am the Bread of families, the Food of My children. I ardently long to be desired (1), and received in My Sacrament. Behold My Heart with love here in this very place. Hast thou not stayed away from communion without a good reason? Dost thou not know what one communion is? It is an apostolate. There will be souls eternally lost in hell whom one communion would have saved. When thou dost miss a communion I remain with My arms outstretched towards thee waiting—calling. I want thy heart, thy affection. I created for Myself this necessity of love. I am jealous of the very air and light which surround thee! I willed that thy life should be Mine . . . and now I desire to be thy Life, All in all to thee. I instituted the Holy Eucharist because I yearned for thee, yearned to give Myself

(1) "My daughter, the desires of thy heart are so pleasing to Me that if I had not instituted My Sacrament of divine love, I would do so out of love for thee, that I might have the pleasure of dwelling in thy soul and resting on thy heart." (Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary, *Vie et Oeuvres* II., 105). "I take so much pleasure in being desired in this Sacrament that as often as the heart forms this desire, so often do I look upon it lovingly that I may draw it to Myself." (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 364).

to thee. I cannot do My work of love without thee. When thou receivest Me thou dost make Me forget the coldness of thousands of other hearts, the coldness of those who never communicate, of those who come only from time to time as though reluctantly. Do thou at least, love Me with an ardent and fervent love which makes reparation for twenty centuries of indifference.

Lastly I expect from thee another great feature of reparation—the apostolate.

Am I always to remain alone? No, come to My aid, hasten to help Me, I have need of thee. I have a special right to thee and I want thee to be an instrument to work for My Heart ⁽¹⁾. Thou must become a vessel of election that My glory may shine forth in thy unworthiness. Think how clever My enemies are; think still more of the sacrifices they often make that they may succeed in their plots. Have I then, no right to ask thee for self-sacrifice? Wilt thou be less eager for My glory than traitors so often are to prepare My Cross?

Ah! if the angels could come down to earth how willingly would they leave heaven to wrest from thee this Treasure which I have confided to thee, that thou

(1) "Behold My daughter the work for which I have chosen thee: this is why I have given thee such graces among which thou shouldst count the greatest, that by which I show thee and give thee the most precious of My treasures—My Heart." (Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary, *Vie et Oeuvres* II., 570).

mayest make Me better known and better loved!

I crown all by giving thee the graces of the apostolate. If thou art faithful to this grace thou shalt advance in My intimacy (1). I will bend down to thee and open to thee the heaven of My Heart and I will consume thee with My love. See, My open Side awaits thee! I appoint thee to be the guardian angel of families: keep them for Me; I want to enter into family life: be zealous to gain homes for Me. Let zeal for My glory devour thee. I ask this of thee in the name of My Heart. Love Me with a devoted love. "If thou didst but know how I thirst to be loved by men, thou wouldst spare nothing to gain Me their love." (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 600). Dost thou promise Me to do all thou canst? Can I count on thee for certain? What a glory for thee if thou shouldst have to suffer and die for Me!

Yes, promise Jesus that you will be His apostles, that you will not leave Him alone, in the battle, since He desires to give you a share in this glorious combat. Form sanctuaries for His Heart that He may find shelter in the storm. He is yours. He gives Himself up to you; find Him places of refuge. And in exchange dispose of His Heart. If you are apostles do violence to Him and He can refuse you nothing.

(1) "If thou followest Me faithfully I will teach thee to know Me and I will manifest Myself to thee." (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 47).

To give Jesus one home, is to give Him a whole generation over which He will reign. Give to Him then, even if He only reigns for one hour more than He would otherwise.

THE APOSTOLATE.

“Come ye into My vineyard and I will
give you what shall be just.”
(cf. Matt. xx).

SWEET words “I will give!” You are not priests, yet, as apostles you shall receive the reward of apostles.

In one sense you are called to a kind of priesthood. The priest is often kept at a distance by those whom he wants to help: you must be the bond between him and the world.

Our Lord says to you: “Lift up your eyes and see the fields white for the harvest the harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few.” Do you hear? It is the Voice of the Sower, demanding laborers for His field of love. The Almighty has need of you. He created the world alone, but to complete His work of grace He asks your help. After Mary, who was chosen to be the first and chief channel of love, you have been chosen by a merciful decree to cooperate in the salvation of the world. In heaven Jesus will let you share in His glory because you have helped Him to save souls. You will form an army round the Virgin Priest, the Queen of Apostles, radiant with the beauty of triumphal love.

See how Jesus depends on His ministers: if, when you approach the Holy Table, the priest refused to bring Our Lord to you, He would remain in His Tabernacle and both He and you would be deprived of Communion. In the same way if you refuse to carry His Heart to the homes which are ready to receive Him or who are preparing to receive Him, you will deprive the Master and the souls that He loves from meeting and from that prolonged communion to which life in a consecrated home can be compared. What a beautiful and glorious work is that of the apostolate. Jesus gives Himself to you that you may give Him to others: "Go and save the world," He says to you, "by giving it My Wounded Heart. Thou shalt never lack help until My Heart lacks power."

Accept then, the mission confided to you by this dearly loved King. Set to work with great confidence and with this conviction. He will reign because He has said so. My own confidence is as great as the heavens, and if there is anything greater than the heavens my confidence equals it.

Is the apostolate a duty or merely a luxury of virtue, such as is, for instance, the taking of a discipline?

No; it is a duty. Today more than ever it is a great duty. It is, in the first place a duty of gratitude. How can you repay Our Lord for all the graces He gives you? How can you thank Him sufficiently

for the gift of His Heart? By giving Him souls, by giving Him families, and so future generations who will eternally praise Him. Your gratitude will be expressed by them. All austerities together are not worth one family won to Christ, where under the eye of Jesus the King, the children will grow up and develop in the knowledge and love of His Heart.

Again the apostolate is a duty of justice. Having gratuitously received, you must give. If you will not give, Our Lord may withdraw His gifts. There are some who love only selfishly; they have the faith, they are good Christians and have received many graces, but they remain unconscious of their treasure, and content themselves with guarding it for themselves quite happily; they carry their circumscribed heaven in their own narrow hearts. They will neither see nor accept the necessity of the duty of the apostolate. Yet, is it not a capital which they are bound to share with their brethren? Tomorrow at the hour of judgment, Our Lord seeing them alone with their own small sheaf of merits, may say to them: "Where are those who ought to have followed in your footsteps?" Ah! do not let the riches which you have received fall upon you like a crushing weight. No, Jesus has not confided a talent to you that you may hide it; you must radiate in one way or another. And who can say they cannot radiate? Everyone can do so, yes, even the most hidden Carmelite.

When I preach to contemplatives I always speak especially of the apostolate and I find great apostles among them. I say to them: "What! You have shut yourselves up for the love of Jesus and this sacrifice deprives you of the merit of making Him known and loved? Never! You can be apostles, it is your duty and the great aim of your life."

After all what is an apostle?

Is it a voice which resounds? Is it one who makes a stir, a great noise in the world, a sower who hastens everywhere to sow good seed? A thousand times no! To convert souls and to gain them to Jesus Christ is a supernatural work. Now the supernatural is gained only by the supernatural. Science and eloquence are not sufficient. Many learned men and great orators speak, and stones remain stones. Jesus speaks but one word and the hardest hearts are melted with divine love.

An apostle is a chalice filled with Jesus and shedding its overflow upon souls—sometimes without knowing it, often without seeing it.

Be full of Jesus, full of divine life and you will be apostles. Your life is eminently an apostolic one, because it is a life of prayer, recollection, silence and mortification, the life of a victim. Is not Our Lord even more apostolic in the silence of the Holy Eucharist than in His public life? The world is moved by hidden means, not by the giving of conferences. Be silent,

hidden apostles, living victims. As for me, if I could only obtain one single grace for myself I would ask to speak as Jesus in the Sacred Host, by the complete sacrifice of myself. What is it that gives power to our preaching? It is to be surrounded by burning hearts such as yours? You act from a distance by a divine telepathy. Your prayers and your sacrifices carry afar to souls known to Jesus and of whom you speak to Him, the necessary and looked-for help: joy, light, courage, consolation and salvation. You are conquerors while living in peace, calm and silence. And the principle of this fruitful apostolate which is that of the saints, is the intensity of a great love.

The Holy Father said to me:

"I cannot understand it; you are but as a straw and you move mountains." This is true, but between the straw and the mountains is Someone else: Jesus! He is there, thanks to the thousands of holy souls who work with me.

That is how I speak to contemplatives and to all religious. "Monasteries should have crystal walls that they may radiate," said Saint Térèse. Communities should be like ciboriums of holiness overflowing upon the world, ciboriums of living creatures, declining close to the Holy Eucharist, for the Reign of the Sacred Heart. In one word they should be as Cenacles of prayer and sacrifice capable of renewing the world. Far from saying that a religious cannot be an apostle, I would dare to

affirm that no one can be an apostles unless he have the heart and mind of a religious.

The Apostolate of Prayer.

The Apostolate of prayer, which is, by excellence, that of a religious, must also be yours, O apostles of the Enthronement.

Exterior work is not always possible—but prayer is possible at all times and it is prayer that is fruitful. As the root descends into the earth that it may draw from it the nourishment which forms the sap, so prayer, rising to the very Heart of God seeks that grace without which we can do nothing, nothing at all. Try to appreciate this great force: try to realize the formidable power of prayer which is the essential condition of all supernatural work. Pray and get others to pray. Get the religious communities and fervent souls that you know, to pray: begin like that. So many do just the contrary: they end by praying when they have tried all other means. Let your prayer be broad and disinterested, not full of petty details, repetitions and selfish plans. Have one great intention one paramount desire: the Reign of Our Lord through His Heart: Sacred Heart of Jesus. Thy Kingdom come. Bury all that concerns you in this prayer. Live on this aspiration—and do not be afraid. He will say to you: “I have not forgotten thee because thou didst forget thyself for Me.” Just now I heard you repeating very fervently: O Sacred Heart

of Jesus, have mercy on us! That is all very well, but it is not sufficient for an apostle. We must not seek our own interests, wrapped up wholly in preoccupation about our own salvation, but His interests, preoccupied more and more with the extension of His Reign. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come!

But you will say: If we want to be saints, is it not necessary to ask to become so? And I reply: Be true apostles of the Heart of Jesus and without working for it, without even thinking of it or knowing it, you will become saints, great saints!(1).

The most beautiful of the promises attached to the Apostolate of the Sacred Heart, is the intimate victory of that divine Heart over the apostle himself. Christ has promised to sanctify the instrument of His glory, and in fact, those who penetrate themselves with this divine flame that they may give it to others, are themselves consumed by it.

Yes, the Lord is faithful. When He says "Seek first the Kingdom of God and all other things shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi., 33), His words are not vain words. Why should we not take them literally with regard to our apostolic life? He says to each one of you as to Saint

(1) "This divine Heart promised me that He would receive lovingly all those who devote themselves to Him, that He would assure their salvation, taking care to sanctify them and render them pleasing to His Eternal Father, in the measure in which they will have labored to extend His reign of love in the hearts of others." (*Œuvres complètes* II., 528).

Catherine of Sienna: "Think of Me and I will think of thee." Prepare My reign and I will prepare for thee thy crown. I, Myself, will be thy Reward.

This is what Jesus calls "losing our life that we may save it." (Mark viii., 35). Then between this divine Heart and the soul who has abandoned all to Him there is a real combat of love: "My daughter, I love thee, I long to shower My gifts upon thee! All is thine, My beloved, ask . . . what wilt thou?"

"That Thou mayest reign, Lord!"

"Yes, My daughter, but dost thou desire nothing for thyself? Ask, ask, I am ready to grant thee all."

"Lord, that Thou mayest reign! All that Thou hast given me, I return to Thee; all that Thou desirest to give me in the future, I return to Thee in advance. Thy Kingdom come, O my God! I desire nothing except that Thou mayest reign."

"And I, My daughter, would strip Myself of all, if it were necessary, that I might give thee more, for I will not leave thy pure and disinterested love without reward. So ask, My daughter, ask!"

"Lord, that Thou mayest reign!"

Ah! we who are so great, we narrow our horizon; though created for eternity, the world encompasses us and absorbs us, and our prayers suffer from our human way of looking upon the things of life. Cast out into the deep! Go forward on the high sea of great desires and sublime realities. Learn to pray that the thrice

blessed Reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus may come fully, that His desires may be ever more realized and that the glory of God may shine forth on earth as in Heaven.

It is to such apostles, to such souls of prayer that Our Lord, in speaking to Saint Margaret Mary, promised such an abundance of blessings that she could not describe them. "Oh, if I could," she cried, "if I were only allowed to speak of that which it has been given to me to know of the reward they will receive from this loving Heart!" (*Vie et Oeuvres* II., 546).

The Apostolate of Suffering and Self-sacrifice.

Greater even than the Apostolate of prayer is the Apostolate of suffering and self-sacrifice.

It is the most powerful and the most fruitful. When everything else is unsuccessful, this is infallible. What a mistake to pity oneself and say: I can do nothing. I am ill! You can do more than the others: your sufferings are more efficacious for obtaining conversions than either work or prayer. Sanctified by the acceptance of the Will of God, suffering becomes a sovereign means for procuring God's glory and the salvation of souls, for it unites us to the redeeming work of Jesus Who saved us on the Cross. Jesus Christ undoubtedly was our Redeemer from the first moment of His Incarnation, all His

actions were directed towards this end; but it was especially by the shedding of His Blood, by His death that He redeemed us!

Live on the Cross, for it is the true life for missionaries of love. You will be apostles more than ever when you suffer.

One day a holy parish priest of a place where I was preaching the Enthronement came to me, and said: "Father, if you are looking for a soul to help you, I know one. It is a young girl who suffers all over her body. She has only her will to give to Jesus and her heart with which to love Him. She is a paralytic and cannot come to church, but she would so like to hear you." I went to see this child and spoke to her of the apostolate: "In Our Lord's Name," I said to her, "I ask you for your sufferings. Will you offer yourself as a victim of love to the divine Heart, that you may be His apostle?" Her signs and her look told me that she understood and that she accepted my proposal. Then, transfigured by celestial happiness she offered herself as a holocaust for the extension of the Reign of Love!

Such are the true apostles; the souls that work marvels; they are the little victims, quite simple and forgetful of themselves, that I meet with everywhere in castles as in cottages and among the beggars at the church porches. They are those, who by self-immolation cause Jesus to reign. The divine Work, the labor of love which is transforming the world is

partly their work: the work of the children, the sick and the poor.

In a great city where I had preached for a whole week in magnificent churches before splendid congregations, I had not come across a single one of those simple souls who act as levers to our Work. So before leaving I said to Our Lord: "As a pledge that Thou art pleased with this Crusade of love, I ask Thee to send me this very day, a soul who like little Thérèse, will offer herself for the extension of the Reign of the Sacred Heart." I then returned to the sacristy and was continuing my prayer when the sacristan came to look for me, saying: "There is a person here who so insists upon seeing you that I cannot send her away." Guessing that this was already the divine answer to my prayer, I asked for her to be shown into the sacristy. She was a young working girl. "Father," said she, "I have heard you preach the Enthronement. I feel that for this Work Our Lord needs souls, who following in the footsteps of little Sacre Thérèse, will consecrate themselves to His Heart, to love, pray and suffer for the extension of His reign of love. I come to ask you to offer and consecrate me." As I did not answer, touched as I was to hear the very words of my prayer on the lips of this child, she persisted: "Immediately Father, please, if you will be so kind. I will kneel at the Communion rails and you will go up to the altar close to the Tabernacle and offer me

to Jesus as the little apostle of His Heart." This we did, and with what joy! A few minutes later I left, content with my apostolate and sure of success because of the little victim whom I left behind me in the great city. The King of Love had gained a victory in this working girl.

You also must be attentive to what the Master desires of your souls. Be not afraid, above all, of sacrifice. The same gift is not asked of all. Consult the Master, but when He has spoken, fear not. Re-read Saint Margaret Mary's act of oblation. Let the wings of your desires be widely spread. Have but one thought: He must reign!

APOSTOLIC WORK.

WE have said that the work of an apostle must be the true activity of a flame that burns. Even exteriorly this work supposes a strong interior life.

Souls devoted to the Sacred Heart must be souls of deep and solid conviction, souls of faith who allow the divine Heart to reign in them as their loving King, their absolute Master. Then as true love does not exist where there is no real zeal, they must give themselves up, whatever their position, to an intense apostolate.

Here you have imbibed the spirit of Jesus Christ He has done His work. Guard your treasure that you may be able to pass it on to others, remembering that to give, you must possess, and that even in a life of exterior engagements and of material things, you can lead the interior life of a Saint T  r  se! You must be apostles as Our Lady was. Her apostolate was more fruitful than that of Saint Paul, Saint Peter or Saint John, because she loved and possessed Jesus in a degree which surpassed them all.

Mary is a Mother that she may give. She is the Virgin-Priest: *Virgo Sacerdos*. You must be as she was, full of Jesus Christ, that you may overflow with Jesus Christ. Any one can give discourses; only apostles will save the world.

In order that your apostolate may be fruitful it must have certain qualities:

not any sort of ordinary common qualities, but those that are divine—do you understand—I say, divine!

Our Lord works miracles with the smallest instruments, but with divine instruments, not those that are merely human. At the base of your apostolate you must have the supernatural spirit, the spirit of faith, the spirit of love.

To be an apostle, one must love. One must have with oneself and in oneself, the Soul and the Heart of Jesus Christ, the King of Love, then one does not act alone, it is Jesus Christ Who speaks and acts through His apostles. From that hour, all becomes possible, all becomes easy. There are people who tire themselves quite uselessly because they do not put enough love into their work. Tire yourselves out by all means, but do it divinely.

The Supernatural Spirit.

Set to work then, to reclaim souls, with a deep supernatural spirit, it is the only way that succeeds. Have zeal, but let it be supernatural zeal. Let it be He and He alone, to Whom you look and Whom you seek. Work with your eyes uplifted to Him, and if there are times when it seems impossible to raise them at all, look at the Tabernacle, He is there!

Have a great desire to love Him and to make Him loved, to advance His reign. You will not always be able to see the fruit of your apostolate, but others will reap the life that you have sown.

In the beginning, when this Work was being inaugurated, the supernatural activity was intense and that is why the Work progressed with giant strides. We had neither pamphlets nor printed leaflets; the Enthronement had to be made known by writing. And, oh, how zealous were the first workers!

I saw young girls copy hundreds of letters in all languages. Day and night they applied themselves to this difficult work, generally on their knees, understanding that corporal mortification, when it is a sacrifice of love, is a great guarantee of success. You can imagine what an effect the reading of those letters had on souls. Each word went home like a burning arrow.

What beautiful examples of apostolate I could give you, but I must confine myself to a few.

I know a young girl of noble family, who, though very delicate, has not hesitated to ask her bishop for permission to propagate the Work of the Enthronement in the Home; and who since then scours the country in all weathers trying to gain families to the Sacred Heart. She has won a great many.

Another example is touching almost to tears! Back from the firing line, a young wounded soldier, who has but his left arm, and only one leg, and who can only stutter, his tongue being affected, has become one of my best apostles. He writes more or less well with his left hand, and then with

his wooden leg, visits the different families, carrying his leaflets and distributing them as well as he can. There is no need to tell you how quickly people are convinced. In a few months he has won a hundred homes.

And my poor beggar woman of seventy-five! for among my apostles I count both beggars and peeresses—the very thought of her urges me on when sometimes I am weary and suffering. She has taken for her share the homes of working men and obtains marvels from them, but at the price of complete self-sacrifice.

One evening, for example, I saw her arriving in the pouring rain. “What a state you are in,” I said.

“Oh, Father, it is true, I am rather wet, but what does it matter?”

“But how will you dry yourself?”

“Oh, I shall go to some neighbor’s house—and then—if I do die of it, what does it matter? If only He reigns!”

There are many other examples that I must necessarily omit. How, for instance, a mother wrote to her son who had become an apostle of the Sacred Heart: “My son, I understand what has gone on in your heart. I understand that you have forgotten me without forgetting me. And, that I may help you in your mission and be an apostle with you, I try to forget you without forgetting you.”

Yes, Our Lord does great things with little souls when these little souls are docile in doing what He wishes, and especially

when they know how to forget themselves.

Forgetfulness of self is the great secret, the important and essential point ⁽¹⁾. The fruitfulness of the apostolate lies in the intimate life of him who has striven to realize these words of the Master: "Occupy thyself with Me and I will occupy Myself with thee."

I have met good souls who live—the expression is Saint Térése's, held back by their miseries like flies caught in a cob-web! What can I do for the Sacred Heart, I who am so wretched! Yes, you are full of miseries, more even than you think, I can assure you—but does He not know it better than you? Does He not know you through and through? Yes. Well! He chooses you in spite of it all as He looks to you for help. Acknowledge that He has bad taste!

Do not complicate things. The way of the Apostolate is always a simple way. Do not be occupied with mere straws, tiny details. Be great and broad-minded and forget yourselves. In everything look at Jesus face to face.

Finally be devoted. Let yourself be borne along by love which always longs to give more and more. Introduce both duty

(1) "Do not fear to forget yourselves for it (the Apostolate of the Sacred Heart), for this self-forgetfulness is what He asks of those whom He uses for His work. He is careful not to forget you during this time when His love looks on you with pleasure and purifies and sanctifies you that He may unite you perfectly to Himself, whilst you aim only at glorifying Him." (St. Margaret Mary, *Vie et Oeuvres* II., 461).

and sacrifice into your life. You will often have to go against yourself and forget your fatigue and set self aside; no good is ever done without self-immolation. The apostle whose work is fruitful, is the devoted apostle, he who knows how to be weary, that Love may be loved. The apostle must have the spirit of self-immolation in all trials. He must possess the science of turning all his thoughts and anguish, his weakness and his troubles into a powerful apostolate. All the interest of the capital of bitterness is not for him but for the Master whom he preaches, for the King crucified for love of us. Thence in logical consequence, come his undaunted courage in meeting all trials which the Work encounters and in accepting them not by resigning himself and saying: "Fiat," but by reciting a "Magnificat" in thanksgiving.

The Spirit Of Faith.

Set to work also with a great spirit of faith. Our Lord has assured us that He will reign in spite of Satan and his agents. This is beyond doubt, but He has never said that He will reign in spite of His friends, from which we may conclude that each time the Work of the Sacred Heart does not produce that which it ought to produce, it is not, most certainly, that He has forgotten His promise or that the power of His love is diminished. No! the sad cause is always in the apostle, the man of little faith, who, when the waves rise

and the tempest growls, begins to be afraid; the man who is pessimistic because he cannot always see with his eyes, nor touch with his hands the results of his efforts; the man of weak faith who desires to reap in the evening, that which he has but sown in the morning.

At the outset of my apostolate I heard in the depths of my soul these words which Our Lord addressed to St. Margaret Mary: "If thou dost believe . . . if thou dost believe . . . thou shalt see the power of My Heart!" You will always succeed if you believe in His love. The apostle-like virtue—knows no failure. There may be apparent failures, contradictions, humiliations and criticism—so many strokes of the whip—but real failures, never. Our Lord has foreseen all the opposition, all the difficulties and He has said: "I will reign." (1) Let us have this firm conviction of faith. We shall succeed a thousand times better if we have the faith of the saints. Do not erect in your minds little scaffoldings of small human theories; not like the Apostles, like the Curé d'Ars. They went straight on . . . in nomine Domini. Say to yourself simply: He will reign and I will be His instrument. But there is a mountain in the way! It will be removed. There is an ocean! It will be turned back. Yes, miracles will be worked if you believe in

(1) "Heaven and earth may pass away but My words shall not be unfulfilled." (*Vie et Oeuvres* I., 162).

Him. Obstacles will be turned into means and contradictions into helps ⁽¹⁾. Do not forget that it is by contradiction that good works are strengthened. Do not be like the souls I sometimes meet—even very good souls—of whom one asks: "Have you worked? What have you done?" "Yes, we have worked, but as to the success—who can tell? Perhaps?" That sort of faith is as the light of a candle end, not like the light of the sun! With the faith of the saints, the grain falls on the rock and becomes fruitful. Have the faith which is love; the flame of charity which warms and enlightens; take it and unkindle the frozen world. Be firm and constant. Do not be discouraged before apparent defeat and sterility. One cannot fight without being wounded and there is no victory without combat. Once again, difficulties are necessary; if there were none I should tell you to invent them. At least do not ever be discouraged. After fighting without any appreciable success return again to the combat. Say with the Apostles: "Lord, we have labored all night and have caught nothing, but at Thy word we will let down the net. (Luke v., 5).

Believe in victory—do not believe in failure. In the work of God there is no such thing. Victory is certain, the great victory of the Heart of Jesus: "I have

(1) "My designs will be realized even by the very means which seem most opposed and contrary to them." (Vie et Oeuvres I., 61).

overcome the world." You will conquer with Him through His love. When during three centuries the martyrs fell in thousands, those who judged from a human point of view might have believed in defeat. Who were those who fell? The Apostles who were so necessary to the Church, the bishops, the priests—the young, that valiant youth in which the first Christians saluted the future Church, the hope of a renewed world. They fell, and their death intensified the vitality of the Church; they fell and their triumphant death destroyed the old pagan world. From all these apparent failures came victory, the most astounding victory that the world has ever seen. Christus Vincit . . . Christus Regnat . . . Christus Imperat! Jesus Christ will never be defeated.

I believe! This then, is the foundation of your apostolate. I believe in His love. I believe that in His mercy He really desires to save and conquer the world. I believe further than I see, for my eyes may deceive me His Heart will never deceive me.

Jesus desires you to persevere in praying and in fighting. He has His own hour of grace which sometimes is hastened by the intensity of our faith. Draw near to His Heart especially in Holy Communion that He may strengthen your confidence and dissipate all hesitation which might weaken it, as it did in the soul of Saint Thomas, the Apostle, who wanted to argue too much. Repeat a thousand times before

the Tabernacle this Gospel prayer: "Lord, we believe, increase our faith." (Luke xvii., 5). "Lord, that we may see." May we become more and more the instruments of Thy powerful love.

The Spirit Of Love..

Finally speak of the King of Love with love, lovingly. Speak with love of the love of Jesus: it is a marvellous and immense power. There are two ways of teaching Catechism; this is the first:

You want to know Jesus Christ? Look! The teacher goes to the blackboard and writes a scheme: Commandments of God, Commandments of the Church, etc. "Now, do you see? Do you understand? Good! that is all right. Now, go!" That is like teaching Catechism by cold electric light. Do not speak of Jesus Christ like that but as did the Curé d'Ars. He gave living catechism lessons. He said: "Love Him, love Him because He so loves you." He preached the love of his dearly loved Master and painted Him in flames of love. Do the same. When you love a living Christ, when you speak with faith of His love and of His Heart, He does His own work. The fire of His love has power to melt ice and to burn in water. There are some who do not love Jesus Christ because they do not know Him; others having known His love have apostatized from Him without excuse. But there are many who have given up everything after their first Communion because they had not learnt to love

Hon. If His image had been engraved on their hearts by the fire of love, they would never have become apostates.

Preach Jesus loving, that you may obtain Jesus dear. Do you not see that on all sides people yearn for the merciful Heart of Jesus; they feel this deep need of finding a loving God to be their intimate Friend.

Speak of the Master simply. Do not look for fine phrases: it is not literature that we want: such a preacher reminds me of one who in the middle of a summer's day would light a match and hold it to the sun that he might see the sunshine better. So it is with the mysteries of Christ. After all, is there any need to have recourse to rhetoric? If some, disappointed with the simplicity of my preaching withdraw after hearing me, as did the Jews after one of Our Lord's discourses, what does it matter even if there are only twelve left, provided these twelve be apostles. As for myself I declare to you in all sincerity that I believe in no human light or wisdom; I believe only in Jesus Christ and in His Heart. I have only one ambition, and it is, that when I have finished speaking, they may be able to say: It was a priest who spoke!

One day at the close of a sermon in which I had developed the same theme: the love of the Sacred Heart, I saw coming towards me a person who had delivered many long-drawn philosophical and moral discourses, and do you know what

he said to me? He acknowledged that after having heard my sermon he realized that he had done nothing, and that nothing had come of all that he had tried to do: "What you have just said is everything," he added, "it is true wisdom. Hear my confession."

And many others like him, scientists, men of deep intellectual worth have said the same thing to me! The beauty of Jesus Christ is all-conquering and victorious. Let us then preach only Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ Crucified. Ah! we do not speak enough of Jesus Christ nor with sufficient love. Let us speak of Him simply but divinely. Let us, like Him, speak the language of love and mercy. That is the only language which saves souls. Conversions obtained by fear do not last long; founded on love they are durable. We must give to others what we feel the need of ourselves.

Give love and you will receive love; give mercy and you will receive mercy; "in what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again." If you would receive torrents of love yourself, give love, give love and do not weary in the giving.

METHOD OF EXERCISING THE APOSTOLATE.

TAKE the initiative; show the resourcefulness of love. Tell those who do not understand the Enthronement that in the first place, the Work is the response to the formal and express request of Our Lord to Saint Margaret Mary, and secondly that Our Holy Father the Pope has greatly recommended this Crusade which he calls: "most opportune and necessary."

A priest said to me: "I cannot see where the importance of your Work lies." So I took him with me to visit the parish. And what do you think we found, in the place of honor, in more than fifty families? Christ indeed! A Roman-like monstrosity clad in scarlet and bearing aloft the scarlet devise: "Neither God nor Master!" And it is this Christ of social revolution with its lawless challenge that we have to dethrone, that we may make room for Christ, the King of Love, and His standard of Love—His Sacred Heart!

Before having the Enthronement the members of the family must be instructed in the fundamental truths of religion and their duty as Christians.

Do not forget that our enterprise does not consist merely nor principally in enthroning the representation of the Sacred Heart in homes, schools, clubs or institutions. Our work is much deeper and

more apostolic; we desire at any price to enthrone the living Jesus. This is why we have set ourselves to preach the whole Gospel, to restore the living sovereignty in the intangible integrity of His rights and His Laws. (Circular, 1920).

Also, whilst asking you to undertake active work I said to you: Do not go at it in a hurry, but calmly and quietly. Haste and impetuosity come from a want of faith. The Work is not the work of a day. Let it be wide-spread, certainly, but above all let it be deep. A small number of consecrated families, who are very faithful to their consecration is preferable to a large number who content themselves with the mere ceremony, without taking any trouble to fulfil the obligations which ensue from it. Follow up your families and keep the sacred fire burning; do not weary in your zeal and good will. Make them understand the great duty of radiating, of exercising the apostolate and of gaining other homes.

Be sure of success and do not allow yourselves to be discouraged by anything.

When the Apostles began to preach the Gospel in the midst of an absolutely pagan world, do you think the difficulties were not as great as they are now? And yet at their bidding the idols fell.

Even those who have been the most opposed to the Work of the Enthronement become its warmest supporters, once they have understood it.

I remember one attempt of great consequence, the result of which affected a whole diocese. Do you know what answer we received? All the papers and letters were sent back without even a word of politeness or regret. And my poor children who had done all the copying and the religious of the Community with whom I then was, came to me to tell me of their disappointment and their sorrow. "How little faith you have," I said to them, "go to the Chapel and recite the Magnificat three times in thanksgiving for the blow!" Three weeks later we received a splendid letter, a letter that was more beautiful than any we had ever received. The whole diocese in question had surrendered to the living flame of the Enthronement.

Never be annoyed by opposition: all have not, as you, the grace to know and understand the Heart of Jesus. Go on quietly and gently, not impatiently, but with deep conviction.

Love and pray; pray and love. Make the Holy Hour and get others to make it: if during this Hour you are dry and weary, say a thousand times over just these words: "Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come." Be obsessed with this thought: He must reign!

If the mistrust of the good cripples your efforts, be humble, be patient, learn how to wait and then you will succeed in cutting a tunnel through the mountain of difficulties. If the thing appears impos-

sible, if you do not seem to succeed, then do like the birds and the aeroplanes, take wings on absolute and blind trust and fly above the difficulties.

Direct your apostolate in the first place towards the religious Communities. These great families are a power in the Church. They spread everywhere and the different Institutes for the most part, last for centuries. So ask the help of the Communities who have houses in different parts of the world and on the foreign missions, that they may either organize or extend the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

Win over the Priests!

How are you to set about this? With tact, resourcefulness and discretion. Be humble, and humility will teach you the best means to take. Do not set up for being doctors or preachers: that is always out of place, especially when dealing with priests.

Perhaps they will tell you that their already existing parochial good works prevent them from undertaking anything else. If so, be intelligent in explaining the Enthronement such as it is—not something extra, not another wheel to set in motion, but the life and soul of all other good works.

The Holy Father thought that this objection would be made, and he asked me how I should meet it, and I replied: "Most Holy Father, it is quite simple, I say, 'you have ten lamps burning in your

sanctuary. I do not ask you to extinguish one of these lamps nor even to put them closer together to make room for mine. On the contrary, I come to offer you oil to keep your lamps alight. The Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the home will never be a burden but rather a help for your other works. It will vivify them by inoculating them with love.

This happens daily.

I received a letter recently from a priest: "I am sixty-five and like the Apostles I have labored all night and taken nothing: but I am caught by the living Christ and I begin another attempt."

Has not Our Lord said: "I will give to priests the power of touching the most hardened hearts!"

In Rome I met one of the parish priests of Brazil. He began to try and convert me to a Work of which he had just been speaking to the Pope: the Enthronement!

He had only about thirty or forty old women who made their Easter Communion when a lesson, about the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families, fell into his hands. He set to work immediately with his curate and let everything else drop. Ten months later the number of communions had increased ten-fold.

Thus it is that the Sacred Heart vivifies good works and renders them fruitful.

Consider the Confraternity of the Holy Family. Do you not think that the Enthronement would not help it to attain

its end by sanctifying family life? Then there are the Children of Mary. Take the best of them and form them into a group of apostles to gain homes for Our Lord; they will soon become more fervent. Nothing develops piety like an apostolate and especially the apostolate of the Sacred Heart (1).

It is the same for all good works which tend to sanctify the people.

And here I would recommend an army of precious helpers who are quite easy to gain for the apostolate: the pupils in Colleges and Convent Schools and the children in the Elementary Schools of our parishes. I have experienced their help when the Crusade is well organized among them. Show them Jesus and awaken within them a desire to further His reign. Jesus is the Friend of children (2).

The Superior of a house of education wrote to me shortly after I had been to see them: "A real Pentecost has passed over the School and remains in all its vitality. We hardly recognize our pupils. During the holidays they gained eight

(1) "I do not know any exercise of devotion in the spiritual life more proper to raise souls in a short time to the highest sanctity." (*Vie et Oeuvres* I., 274).

(2) People will no doubt be glad to find here an extract of the address given by Father Matheo to the Young, who are grouped together in the "Apostolate of the Sacred Heart for the Young, under the patronage of Saint Tarcisius, the boy-martyr of Rome."

In the Upper Room prepared for the Last Supper, the Master surrounded by His faithful few has just instituted the Blessed Eucharist. Simon Peter, James, Andrew, all are present.

John, the Virgin Apostle, the Benjamin of the little group, is close to the Master. He bends over and rests his head on the Heart of Jesus. He hears the beating of

hundred families. They clubbed together and distributed pamphlets among the working classes, they have worked wonders preparing the way for the priest everywhere." No one can resist children!

Finally you must know how to seize upon every occasion to extend the Work. Does not Saint Paul say: "Be instant in season and out of season Do not weary in well doing!"

In your letters, speak of Our Lord. When you visit a family in bereavement — and there are so many—instead of offering ordinary sympathy turn their thoughts to Jesus, the Friend with Whom one can talk of the absent one and Whose presence soothes all heartaches. Everywhere you go, ask them to read the Gospel, to meditate on the Gospel, to read between the lines of the Gospel. This is the way to get a true knowledge of Him Who is all love, sweetness and kindness, and whose mercy shines forth at all times with ineffable tenderness. The Reign of Christ will come by the knowledge of His

that Sacred Heart and guesses its secrets of love and mercy. By his loyalty John repairs the treason of Judas. The next day John stands at the foot of the Cross with Our Blessed Lady and Mary Magdalen. He is strong in his love and ready for martyrdom; later on he will be plunged into boiling oil for the love of his Master. He who rested his head on the Heart of Christ is for ever the Beloved Disciple, the Evangelist of the Sacred Heart, the Doctor of Love, the Preacher of the Son of Mary.

In the streets of pagan Rome, Tarcisus is wending his way to the prison cells where Christians are awaiting the visit of their Master before laying down their lives for Him, by becoming the prey of wild beasts. The boy walks on with eager steps, his hands pressed against his breast. He is recollected for he carries a Treasure—the Sacred

Heart which is drawn from the Gospel.

You will be asked: Can one ask Our Lord to come to a family where there is a sinner who will have nothing to do with Him and who will not honor Him?

Just as Holy Communion is sometimes still looked upon as a reward and not as a means, so also is the idea of the Enthronement disfigured by wishing to restrict it to the families of good and practising Catholics. For them, perhaps, the Enthronement is a reward of their virtue, as Holy Communion is for some pious souls. But let us beware of forgetting that Our Lord came down upon earth and appears to have come again in this Crusade, "*salvum facere quod perierat*," to save that which was lost. He longs to enter into families repeating this divine word: "*Hodie huic domui salus facta est*." Salvation will enter with Him, salvation which perhaps, did not before belong to all the members of the family.

The Enthronement is then, largely a means of bringing the Person of the Master, Who is Truth, the Resurrection and the Life to those who will not go to seek Him. He comes to them. He comes to

Host and the Heart of Jesus beats on his heart. Tarcisius is already an apostle, almost a priest. Presently on the market place he will shed his blood for having carried and defended our Jesus Martyr and Apostle—a Boy!

Life is sweet at "*Les Buissonnets*." There is a little Queen in the eyes of her father, whom she calls her King; yet another King has conquered the little queen of "*Les Buissonnets*," and in order to follow Him, no sacrifice is too great. She will leave her father and go to Carmel where the great King, her Crucified Master calls her.

meet them and He will show Himself gently and strongly to them.

It is in this sense that the Work is justly called a work of "light." Our Lord is ignored because crowds of indifferent, apathetic and wicked souls are afraid of Him and content themselves with seeing Him afar off and with hardly knowing Him by name.

When the reproach was made to Jesus "Thou eatest with publicans and sinners," what reply did He make? "It is those who are sick who need a physician." He does not speak otherwise today, and we would that by the Enthronement men might have an opportunity of often making Him this beautiful reproach, the most beautiful He ever received. Now, as then, He desires to eat with sinners, to come in contact with them, that He may convert them. Who can gain them if not Jesus? We must then bring Him to those who have most need of Him.

Sometimes people say to me: "Oh, if you knew the person of whom it is question. I have already prayed so much for him. I have done all I can to bring him

Therese is but fifteen, yet she longs for martyrdom. For the last time she crosses the threshold of her home accompanied by her father. Where are they off to? In silence and recollection they walk towards their glorious Calvary, they have not far to go—a few turns and at the bend of the road they are there. The door of the Carmelite Convent is open. Together they kneel in the Chapel and both offer valiantly the sacrifice of each other to the King who loves all generous souls as is that of Therese.

A few minutes later, smiling through peaceful tears, Therese kisses her father and passes into the enclosure, while he returns to "Les Buissonnets," justly proud of his

back to God—but it is impossible.

If Martha and Mary had spoken like that, Lazarus would not have been raised from the dead; if the Centurion had spoken like that, his servant would not have been cured.

Do you think Our Lord will refuse you a soul for whom He shed His Blood?

The reward is measured by the faith of the apostle, of the instrument: conversions are obtained when one is **sure of Him, sure of His love.**

Gain souls and homes for Jesus and in return He will give you the soul for whom you ask Him. Only, be patient. You have the Enthronement in the morning and you expect a miracle in the evening. It will not always be so quick as that; but persist in **believing** and in **devoting** yourself and I will answer to you for His Heart.

So then, do around and about you, all that you can. Let no one come near you without sharing your blessing with him. You have received in **superabundance**. Enkindle flames of love around the unwilling and rebellious homes and you will set them on fire. Just as when we were

glory, and his sacrifice. Therese will spend only nine years in the Convent. Through her prayers and her daily self-sacrifice she will purchase the souls of thousands and thousands. A greater apostle and missionary than many apostles and missionaries, dead to herself and the world, she will toil in secret for the Reign of the great King Jesus, and she will become a star shedding rays of love and trust upon the Church. She will open to thousands of souls her little way of faith and trust and childlike simplicity.

Boys and girls, you who love Jesus, do you envy Saint John? Do you wish to become apostles, first in your own

young, we made snowballs which increased in size as we rolled them along, so do you now, kindle balls of fire which increase as you communicate them to others.

If you fail in persuading people to have the Enthronement in their homes, invite them to be present at the ceremony in some other house. for there is always a special grace attached to the ceremony. Use any credit you may possess to get them to recite daily even quite a short prayer to the Sacred Heart: this little daily tribute never goes without its reward.

Lastly, when you cannot do more, at least get a picture of the Sacred Heart into the house which is shut against Him. Some day or other it will certainly open to love.

A pious person had married a man, who, unfortunately did not share her religious belief; he was even a member of a secret society. Of the three children who were born of this marriage, one daughter and two sons, only the girl was brought up in the faith of her mother, the two little boys were not even baptized. After a few years the mother died.

home, then all around you, without any show like Blessed Therese? Do you wish to carry Jesus like Tarcisius wherever you go Jesus, Who will live with you and be consoled by you?

You love Him and you wish to show Him your love. Remember then, that love which does not communicate itself, is not true love. We ask you in your turn, to become apostles of the Sacred Heart. Take Him home by asking your Father and Mother for the Enthronement. If you do not succeed immediately, obtain it by confidence, prayer and sacrifice.

The young girl in her turn, fell dangerously ill. Feeling death approach, she asked her father to get her a priest and to allow her to receive the Last Sacraments. At first her request was not listened to, then she insisted, she begged her father not to refuse her this favor, the last she would ever ask of him—and, as the father loved his child, he said: “I do not want you to die unhappy; send for the priest if you like, I leave you quite free.”

Soon after this she died after having made the priest promise to come back and visit her father in memory of her, and to do all in his power to obtain his return to God and to have the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the house.

The priest had willingly promised. A week later he actually called, explained the reason of his visit and received this answer: “Yes, I consent to see you for my child’s sake, but on condition that you never speak to me of religion.” The priest was obliged to accept the condition. However, months went by and the question of returning to God had not been even broached. Then came the War and

We are appealing to the elder children, to those in Colleges and Schools, to girls in Boarding Schools and Day Schools. Club together. Be enrolled too. Become each and all the Tarcisius of the Heart of Jesus.

The following is all that is required:—

(1) Repeat as often as possible the invocation: “Sacred Heart of Jesus, I love Thee! Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come!” May this thought be the mainspring of your life.

(2) Promise Our Lord that you will offer the little sacrifices each day to Him. You want to help to establish

the priest had to go. Before leaving he thought of confiding the soul, in whose salvation he was interested, to the care of a fellow priest. He wrote to him asking him to replace him in his mission of charity and to spare nothing to obtain the desired result.

The friend replied: "I promise to continue to visit Mr. X. in your name, as to preparing for the Enthronement in the home, you must not think of it, as I do not believe myself in the efficacy you attribute to this act."

So Our Lord found the door obstinately shut, since he whom it would seem should have opened it, would not even attempt it.

One day, however, a letter arrived from the front. "As you will not speak of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart, could you not at least get a picture and a pamphlet and leave them as if by mistake on the table, the first time you call on Mr. X.?" The counsel was followed. A few days afterwards the priest returned to the house. What was his surprise

His reign in your home and in the world, you have little to give. Give what you can generously and lovingly, and Jesus will accept it and bless you abundantly.

(3) We ask you as well to offer an extra Communion, either every month, or every week, especially on Fridays, for the reign of the Sacred Heart. Be, among your companions, the apostle of the First Friday Communion. Let all around you know that the boundless mercy of the Sacred Heart of Jesus lies in that great promise of final penitence to those who receive Holy Communion nine First Fridays in succession.

Parents and Teachers, allow us to insist on this point. We must fulfil Our Lord's desire. As soon as your children are able to go to Holy Communion, see that they are

to hear the gentleman accost him in these words: "You left a pamphlet here the other day, would you mind leaving it altogether? I have read it; why have you never spoken to me about its contents? I want to have the enthronement in my house!"

"But it is impossible! You know quite well that you have your engagements which prevent this . . . and then your children are not even baptized!"

"My engagements no longer exist; this morning I gave in my resignation as a freemason, and I have sent back my ensign. Tomorrow morning my children will be baptized and in the evening the Heart of Jesus shall be enthroned in my house."

That is what the mere presence of a picture of the Sacred Heart had produced in that house. This example is one among many others.

The apostolate is exercised by all these initiatives and by many others which the Heart of Jesus Himself dictates. It is He Who inspires them, He Who takes their success upon Himself. He Who works directly, when we find ourselves at the end of our resources. Our

faithful to the nine First Fridays. Apply the remedy even before sin has had time to cause havoc in their souls. Later on who knows if they will avail themselves of it when the enemy has tempted them and perhaps, alas, gained the victory. Save the souls of children by giving to the infinitely holy and kind Heart of Jesus, the chance of imprinting upon them the great mark of salvation Apostleship.

part is to begin--His, to continue and complete.

Let us end this conference by a few words on the Pope! O'Connell said: "The Church must be loved passionately, the Pope deliriously, just as one's country must be loved to the shedding of one's blood."

Yes, we must have a profound love for the Sovereign Pontiff. He must be loved with a submissive love, a love of veneration. I would even dare to affirm that he must be loved with a jealous love. This attachment of our heart to the Apostolic See is a duty of reparation.

When brought face to face with the division of religious opinion among men, that work of the spirit of hatred and malice, our attitude as Catholics must be that of sons pressing round their Father, afflicted by so many of his straying children.

Unite in heart, that we may as it were, form a circle round the Holy See. He who loves the King must love His Vicar. "He who heareth you, heareth Me," said Our Lord, and "He who despiseth you

Boys and girls who feel inwardly drawn by love, listen to the gentle voice of Our loving Savior. He has looked upon you and loved you. Do not act like the young man in the Gospel. Do not go away sad, but come, full of joy, and take your stand round the banner of the Sacred Heart. Make Him better known and loved.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come!

(1) Tracts of "Apostolate of the Sacred Heart by the Young" for diffusion in schools, boarding schools and colleges, may be obtained from: Sacred Hearts Academy, Fairhaven, Mass.

despiseth Me." (Luke x., 16). In the Church that holy, sacred, and inviolable Ark, the Pope is in one sense a sort of Eucharist: Jesus remains with us in His Vicar, as He remains in the Tabernacle in the Host.

To touch the Pope is to wound the Heart of Jesus. Who in the infinite tenderness of His love, is as much ocended by an attack on His Vicar as by an insult to Himself in the Blessed Sacrament. Divine justice does not seem able to wait for eternity to punish those who attack the Head of the Church. It defends him by bringing to naught, even here below, those who profane him.

They, who profane him, are those who judge, protest and argue. The sacrilegious are those who misrepresent or refuse to accept the words which fall from his lips.

As for us, each of the words of the Vicar of our King of Love, should be as a word from the King Himself. Each utterance contains Jesus; the spirit and the will of our Master. There should never be any arguing or reasoning about it, but an entire submission a perfect adhesion of our intelligence and of our heart.

Yes, the Pope is like the Eucharist: Jesus continuing to live amongst us and to teach us. Impress this idea on your minds.

From Rome radiates the charity, truth and peace of Jesus over the entire world. Under his white cassock—white as the Eucharistic veil, he hides the Heart of Christ—and the homage that we owe him

--let us never forget it—is inseparable from the love of our beloved Master.

With eyes and heart fixed on the Holy Father, with our hands linked with his hand which guides the helm with such dauntless courage, let us go forward, dear apostles, to our Crusade of love. We are sailing on an ocean of Mercy towards our Heavenly Country, where Jesus will give us the reward of apostles, after having shown us even here below:—**“The Power of His Heart in the Magnificence of His Love!”** (Vie et Oeuvres II., 426).

CLOSING SERMON.

Victim! Apostle!

"This is My Body Do this"

IT is Holy Thursday evening in the Cenacle. Jesus holds in His Hands the bread which He is about to distribute to the Apostles. It is as yet only bread, but over this bread He pronounces the all-powerful words which changes it into Himself: "This is My Body."

That which He says He really operates: it is no longer bread, it is His Body. The accidents, the appearances remain the same, the substance is changed. He, Who can do all things, realizes His loving design; Jesus fulfils His promise.

This word, pronounced over the bread, I now apply to you, for He desires to make you His apostles, other Christs! Will you be less docile than inert matter in allowing yourselves to be transformed—you, who know how to love? Jesus longs to say these consecrating words over each one of your souls. Of each of you He desires to make a victim, a living host in which He may hide His Heart.

Yes, if you have responded to the desires of the Master in the silence of this retreat, you are no longer yourselves. There is already a change in you—a little longer and after this consecration you will be able to cry out with Saint Paul: "Mihi vivere Christus est." (Phil. I., 21). To me to live is Christ! The mind of Christ is in your mind. His Heart is in your

heart. A consecration is nothing else but an immolation, a real sacrifice, a living keen suffering. Prepare yourself for that.

It is related that in a certain monastery one of the Fathers who was preparing some children for their First Communion, had this ingenious idea: a long time before the date fixed, he gave each child a box and a certain number of blades of wheat. Each time that the child performed an act of virtue: obedience, mortification or some little self-sacrifice, he put a grain into the box. The children were good, and a holy emulation reigned among them; besides the Father was careful to stir up in their hearts a fervent desire to receive Jesus. So it happened that when the great day drew near, all the boxes were full. From the contents of each box, a host was made, and each child received his own, the fruit of his self-sacrifice and his efforts.

The complete surrender of yourself is the pure flour which the divine Priest awaits and asks from you. Be generous. Refuse nothing. You will find Jesus in leaving self. Do you think you will lose by this divine exchange?

"Do this" Remember His command: "Do this," that is to say: Give, as I have given to you. Surrender yourselves as I have delivered Myself for you. I am in you, give Me.

As I have already said to you, dear apostles, you are called to a kind of priesthood. Be conscious of the dignity to

which the Master raises you. When I celebrate Holy Mass, I insignificant, unworthy as I am, I say to Our Lord as I hold Him in my hands: "King, I am Thy king! Lord, I am Thy lord! Master, I am Thy master! I have power over Thee on account of my priesthood."

You can also say that to Him for you are the apostles of His Heart. In your hands you hold the Treasure of heaven and you know that in the natural order. Our Lord has made alms-giving one of the first precepts of His Law of Love. How much more does He say to those who are rich in His grace, those who have experienced much mercy: "Share with thy brother." Ah! yes, let us share with our brethren, our unhappy brethren, whose souls are straying along the highways of life, dying of misery and want. Give them the bread of love, that bread which alone sustains life. Call them and show them all, the Furnace of divine love. The most beautiful act of charity is to give Jesus. In the measure in which you give, you will receive, and the more you possess Him the more you will give Him. If Jesus rewards a cup of cold water given to a poor man in His Name, what will He not do for this sublime charity, this most excellent of all charities? If He were not God, He would not be able to thank you sufficiently.

One day He will say to you: I was hungry and thirsty and homeless and you have fed Me and quenched My thirst and

helped Me. Blessed are ye, for you have given Me hearts! Ah! give souls to the divine Beggar, and give Jesus Christ to souls.

Something very great is being prepared for the world: the supreme effort of love! Christ desires to save the world in one particular manner, but men do not always wish to be saved. Then He weeps, as He wept over Jerusalem. He suffers because He has to pronounce a sentence of justice when He had prepared one of love and mercy.

Aid the supreme effort of His love, that you may gain souls in spite of themselves. Today as of yore, the greatest sinners are His chosen ones. It is especially for them that He has revealed the inexpressible tenderness of His love. They cannot be lost for ever as long as the divine Wound of His Heart remains open: this Wound which is a paradise of pardon must remain open, as heaven remains open. Time presses but the 'charity of Christ presseth us' still more! (II. Cor. v., 14).

The world cannot and must not do without Him. He does not wish to enjoy His glorious heaven without us. This is why He has come to speak to us, for more than the hundredth time, through the voice of Saint Margaret Mary, those marvellous and strong words which have been crying to us from the bloodstained Cross and from the Tabernacle for twenty centuries! "Behold this Heart which has so

loved men; love Me in return. I desire to reign by My love!"

Go forth now! As the Sacred Host was confided to Tarcisius, I confide to you the Heart of Jesus Christ. Go forth everywhere, offering this Treasure to those who need It. The world is in confusion because it has driven out the Master. Go forth and give it the living Christ. Go forth! and yet, Remain! Remain, I mean, where He has Himself placed you—in His Heart ⁽¹⁾

You, His apostles, born of His Wounded Heart, are the first fruit of His tears, for you He wept tears of love. To Him I confide you that you may exercise this loving ministry which you are about to begin. Go forth, seeing Him always as you have seen Him here. He will do great things for you if you believe!

Let us go forth together, we have the world to conquer!

The King of the Tabernacle beseeches you to open to Him that other tabernacle—the home—where His Heart desires to rest. Go forth then and carry with you these last words which He says to you by my mouth as He said them to Saint Margaret Mary: "My daughter, I make thee heiress of My Heart and of all Its treasures for time and for eternity." (Vie et Oeuvres I., 173).

Go forth and be faithful!

Adveniat! Adveniat Regnum Tuum!

(1) "Here is thy actual and perpetual dwelling-place." Our Lord to Saint Margaret Mary, Vie et Oeuvres II., 570).

MARY, THE QUEEN OF LOVE.

THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, MARY, THE QUEEN OF LOVE.

After the King—the Queen. This last conference shall be in her honor.

Because she is the Mother of Jesus, Mary is the Queen of Love. Come to her, all you who seek to love supremely, solely and eternally. She, the most pure Virgin, the holy Victim, the glorious Mother, will teach you pure love, the love of the Cross, she will give you the hope of that glorious love which awaits you on high.

Look at Mary ask her to tell you how she loved her Son and her God with this unique and triple love, so that you may love Him Who is Love, as He deserves to be loved.

Ego Mater pulchrae dilectionis.” (Wisd. xxiv., 25). She is the Mother of fair love. If you love as she did, you will possess the secret of eternal life: “Qui elucidant me vitam aeternam habebunt.” (Ecclus. xxiv., 31).

Mary is Immaculate and the Sacred Humanity of Jesus is formed from her single substance. Think of this! The Body of Jesus is the fruit of the love of Mary. Oh, how pure she must have been to give to God His Human Body, His saving Flesh, His Blood that men call divine and rightly so! How stainless must not those hands have been which received the little King of Love in the Crib, which

caressed Him, carried Him, served Him! How chaste those lips which have kissed Him, how chaste the eyes which have contemplated Him first of all others, those eyes which saw the boundless love shining in the Eyes of the divine Little One and which admired the beauty of His Face and the grace of His every movement. Above all, how immaculate that Heart which felt the Sacred Heart, the Heart of Love beating on her own. Ah! the Heart of Mary was for Jesus more than all the angelic harmonies, and Her look more precious than all the splendor of heaven.

She is the Queen of angels, she who has been caressed by the divine little Hands of the King of Heaven. Who gave Himself up to her care.

Kneeling in ecstasy, Mary watched over the sleep of the Eternal Child and perhaps pondered on another Bethlehem, another apparent place of repose, which would be one of perpetual sacrifice: the Tabernacle in ages to come. Through tears of love Mary saw athwart the centuries, this permanent indestructible Crib, wherein Jesus would be born thousands of times under the shadow of some humble altar. She saw Him also enclosed in the cold yet sweet prison of innumerable tabernacles. In each of them the divine Prisoner continues to sleep whilst His Heart watches over us, and Mary the Queen of Love watches beside the Eucharistic cradle.

Yes, the Queen of Heaven is also the Sovereign of our sanctuaries—Queen of our earthly paradise—the homes of the Blessed Sacrament.

Ever since the day of the Annunciation, Mary has been the Mother of fair love and she longs to enkindle hearts with the flame of her charity. Since that sublime and blessed hour when Jesus and herself formed but one single life, she has thought of us, the children of her love and of her sorrow. We call her our Mother and we speak truly, for she is Mother of God and Mother of men.

O virginal and immaculate love, purify, enkindle and inflame our love. Lend us thy heart, O most pure Virgin, because we are thy children and the apostles of the Sacred Heart of thy Son, because we have to bring Him many souls and gain Him entrance into so many homes. Give us then, a pure, tender and boundless love.

Mary is the Queen of fair love but she is also, still more, the Queen of crucified and sorrowful love. "O, ye who pass by the way attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." (Lament. I. 1). Mary wept beside the Crib. The ineffable happiness of possessing Jesus during the never-to-be-forgotten days of Bethlehem, was mingled alas, with the vision of the ignominies and opprobrium of the future. When she sang Him to sleep, she saw clearly the crime of those who would pierce His Heart by sin until the end of time. Then kissing His Hands

as they caressed her, she tenderly and lovingly marked the place of His bleeding Wounds. Pressing her lips to His Sacred Feet she made reparation beforehand for the cruel iron nails. With her tears she bathed the divine forehead which was to be encircled with the crown of thorns.

On the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which was consumed by living flames of love, she leant her head, tortured already by the thought of His agony, and she made reparation for that hour by the ardent kisses of her virginal and tender love.

In this mystical Gethsemane, so sweet and yet so bitter, Mary, a martyr in soul, lifted her Child in her arms and offered Him to His Father, beseeching Him to accept this sweet Victim for the redemption of the world.

The Heart of Mary was filled to overflowing with maternal grief which rose like an ever mounting tide. What sword of anguish transpierced that tender Heart. The sword of poverty and coldness of the stable! The sword of exile and of a wandering and hard life! The sword of the loss of Jesus, the torture of absence from the divine Child!

At the time of the flight into Egypt, a foreign, pagan and hostile land offered a refuge to the persecuted God. At least, there, in the desert, the sun tempered its heat—the oasis furnished a place of repose and a source of refreshment, things which later, alas, the privileged but ungrateful people of Nazareth refused Him. Alas,

How cruelly was the divine Heart wounded by the proud disdain and envious anger of those of His own house. There in His own country where He ought to have been acknowledged and acclaimed as the Messiah and as King, they plotted against Him; they took Him to the brow of a hill and would have cast Him down headlong—He, the King of glory! Jesus and Mary grieved over the misconduct, the disdain and the insults of their own people, and Jesus was scorned, humiliated and exiled from Nazareth, that little town of such countless tender memories. Hatred wove for them the first crown of thorns, even in the very cradle of their sweet home life.

There, amid the flowers and lambs of that enchanting valley, where Mary had contemplated His Infancy and His Youth . . . there, where, with the angelic choirs, she had praised His divine beauty . . . there, was she to see Him cursed! Oh, how bitter was the ingratitude which repulsed our gentle Redeemer and which refused to acknowledge Him!

Another sword, as we have said, was the absence of Jesus. The only real evil, the horror of which we cannot understand, is to lose Jesus, because in His Heart we find life and love and heaven!

Mary, His Mother, lost Him for three days at Jerusalem, and her soul was wrung with unspeakable agony. To be apart from Him—not to enjoy His presence after having pressed Him to her

Heart, after having seen His smiles and His tears, was anguish indeed!

But what shall I say if I want to picture to you the sorrow of her maternal Heart torn by the supreme farewell of Holy Thursday. Love made Mary a martyr and the queen of martyrs. Never has mother suffered for her child, never has an exile wept over leaving his country, never has a heart mourned a loss, as did Mary. She is the most loving Mother of the most lovable of Sons—do not let us forget this.

Mary, in losing Jesus, lost not her Child only, but her God: in Jesus she lost the tangible reality, the entirely lovable personification of God. The Mary who suffered near to Jesus, Who was poor, neglected, contradicted, pursued, hated, persecuted and killed, was the Mary who suffered from the divine sufferings of her Child the Man-God.

Contemplate her again on Calvary, standing beneath the Cross with her eyes fixed on her divine Son in His agony. How quickly had the days of Bethlehem passed away! The thirty years of unforgettable sojourn in Nazareth have vanished like an ecstasy! Yet those days were but as yesterday. Today He is hanging there one living Wound that He may give life to the world.

His beautiful hair, caressed in bygone days by the hand of His Mother, is now stained with the blood that is to save us.

His lips which spoke sublime words of wisdom and mercy are parched with thirst.

His eyes lit with the light of heaven are now blinded by Blood and tears.

His Hands which have blessed and pardoned are now pierced.

His divine Feet which have left on earth traces of love and peace are now transfixed.

He is there bathed in His Blood, saturated with reproaches and outrages, wounded with curses, trampled underfoot, turned into derision by the dregs of the people. He, Who blessed and pardoned even in His agony! He, her Lord, her Son, her God, her All.

Mary's eyes enlightened with the light from on High followed Him down the centurion in His ever sorrowful journey, when He should be always weighed down, always sad and dejected under the infamous cross of our sins.

She saw Him in far off ages, after His mortal life and His death on Calvary, always insulted by the crowd, stripped of His royalty and turned into derision.

She saw Him in thousands of neglected sanctuaries, from the depths of His prison in the Tabernacle, seeking for the faces of a friend, a brother, a spouse, an apostle, of one to console Him and finding so often, alas, nothing but the silence, loneliness and cold forgetfulness which do not re-open the Wound of His Heart.

She sees that His death will be useless

for so many unhappy sinners, for so many renegade sons of the Church and of His Cross! Ah! Mary's suffering was deeper and more bitter than the ocean! What sorrow was ever like unto her sorrow!

O holy souls, souls like that of Magdalen or like that of John, souls who suffer from love and who bring to our dearly-loved Master, the offering of a heart that is broken, contrite, compassionate and crucified like His; O apostolic souls who suffer from the forgetfulness of men, from the perfidious blindness and the methodical hatred which so deeply wound and afflict the Sacred Heart, look at Mary. Learn to lean your love on hers. Offer to Jesus, the sorrowful Heart of His most holy Mother with your own.

Christian mothers, look at the Mother of Sorrows, you will learn from her the great science of resignation in love and of saving souls by love.

Nothing is stable here below but Jesus, the True and Eternal Reality. All the rest, creatures, fortune, goods, all go, carried away by the whirlwind of time. Make Mary the Queen of your homes and of your hearts. When separations come (and how very disastrous from the home-nest is sad for a mother) look at Mary saying her first goodbye to Jesus in the little home at Nazareth from which Saint Joseph had already gone. See her other farewell at Bethany, before the Last Supper, the Agony and Calvary. See, above all, when brought face to face with death,

the supreme sorrow, the last farewell at the foot of the Cross.

From our crosses, as from the Cross of Jesus which Mary embraced, we must bring forth that love which was so powerful a factor for redemption and triumph.

May those whose hearts are torn and whose souls are filled with anguish, families who suffer and homes in bereavement, weep with the Queen of Sorrows. Make Mary the Queen of your suffering love. Her Son, your King, your Friend, your Captain gives you a share in the glory of His suffering. Because He loves you He treats you as He treated His dearly loved Mother. Thank Him for this grace of graces, this infinite predilection.

Mary is the Queen of triumphant and glorious love. She is Queen of Heaven, Queen of Saints because she is Queen of Angels and of Martyrs.

Even on earth Jesus shared His glory with her. The Mother was there on Easter morning. There is no doubt but that He saluted her first and showed her His glorious Wounds, that He thanked her for having shared His most bitter chalice with Him, for having followed Him to Calvary. No doubt after He called her by her name "Mary." He allowed her, because it was she, to kiss His glorified Body the immortal fruit of her virginal flesh.

Love triumphs! It had already triumphed in the hours of the Master's great miracles! It triumphed again at the Ascension, at Pentecost, and in the early

days of the Church when Mary, Queen of Apostles, was the sweet light which reflected Jesus. Love triumphs above all in Heaven!

Daughter, Spouse, Mother! Flower of the love of the Blessed Trinity, Queen of Heaven, it is in the chalice of thy Heart that we place today the living treasure of all consecrated homes.

Guard the innocence of little children and the purity of the young. Be the Comforter of the afflicted in all the great trials of life. Give us all the knowledge and love of the Cross and thus prepare for the glorious Reign of our dearly-loved Master!

ACT OF CONSECRATION TO THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY

O Heart of Mary, so closely and inseparably united to the Heart of Jesus, I wish thee to occupy the first place in my heart after Jesus, thy Son. I give and consecrate myself to thee. Thou wilt always be the object of my veneration, of my love and of my confidence. I will conform my sentiments and my affections to thine, and my life-long effort will be to imitate thy virtues. O my dear Mother, deign to open thy Heart to me and to receive me into the company of thy true children and faithful servants. Obtain for me the graces I need in order to imitate thy Heart, even as thou dost imitate the Heart of Jesus. Help me in danger, console me in sorrow; teach me how to profit as I ought by the joys and sorrows of this life; protect me always, especially at the hour of my death. Amen.

CIRCULAR LETTERS
of
1921 and 1923.

CIRCULAR LETTER FOR THE FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART, 1921.

*To the Secretaries and Communities
consecrated to the Crusade of the
Sacred Heart.*

IT seems quite evident that the manifest Will of the Heart of Jesus to reign over souls and over society as the Centre of their spiritual life, is being realized more and more; just as all the graces which radiate from this Sun, and all Catholic activities, whether individual or social, converge towards this adorable Heart.

Therefore it is not astonishing, that each year should bring us for the royal Feast of the Sacred Heart, a new and touching surprise. This Feast becomes more and more magnificent, concentrating in itself all the great Feasts of the Church. Far from effacing or lessening, either their liturgical sense or their exterior splendor it contributes, by a mysterious impulse to accentuate and give new life to the light, grace and fecundity of their message to us.

This need not surprise us. Are not the marvellous graces that we all see flowing from an intimate and solid devotion to the Heart of Jesus, but the faithful accomplishment of a divine promise?

We live in a time of appalling upheaval in the moral order. But face to face with this ruin, rises up a phenomenon illumined by the extraordinary power of grace. Its profound and triumphant action transforms chosen souls and makes them blossom forth into heroism and sanctity: it is the sublime realization of the merciful and loving designs which Our Lord made known to Saint Margaret Mary.

In spite of the fury of the storm raging around us, we can, on the eve of this Feast, repeat to the apostles of the Sacred Heart, those words of Our Lord to the Disciples of Saint John the Baptist: "Go and relate to John what you have seen and heard; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them." (Matt. xi., 4-5). Or again those other words of Jesus: "Appropinquavit in vos regnum Dei." The Kingdom is come nigh unto you." (Luke x. 9).

But do not let us forget that these laurels of divine glory are intertwined upon the brow of Jesus, with the thorns that still form His crown of sorrow. Let us then, increase our zeal and proclaim His Reign; let us hasten the hour of victory by becoming more and more docile instruments of His love, above all at this most providential hour.

What is there still to be done? Without going beyond our limits the scope of

which is world-wide we can and we must deepen the work of this dear Crusade. This we shall do by intensifying it especially in the Eucharistic significance which the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the home, has from the very outset preached so definitely and so successfully.

The little pamphlet published nearly thirteen years ago, by means of which the first seed was sown, ran thus: "Unite the two sanctuaries, that of the Church with that of the home, in one indissoluble bond of love. To join the feasts of the Church with those of the family, would be in truth, a divine ideal which would lead to the triumph of Christian society. the final end of this sublime devotion."

Since then we have never deviated from this doctrine, either in preaching, writing or organizing the Social Reign of the Heart of Jesus. And since, in our day, the Crusade of the Enthronement has become a gigantic net enveloping the whole world, let us profit by it to enkindle by its means a veritable conflagration of Eucharistic love.

It is thus that Holy Church understood our Work, when after having approved and encouraged it, She warmly applauded, as you know, this incomparable devotion which is a synthesis, both dogmatic and practical of the inefable manifestations of the love of Our Savior. In all His communications to Saint Margaret Mary, Our Lord insisted on the return of love for which He waits in the Sacrament of His

love. It is this awakening of love which must draw forth the revelations of His adorable Heart. Love, reparation, apostolate: all must tend to lead souls and to lead society to the foot of His ever-open Tabernacle, as to His ever-open Heart.

But alas! the Tabernacle is so little thought of; this Royal Prisoner receives so little in return on account of the coldness and indifference of those very people who call themselves His friends! He, the Love of our Altars, is not loved!

Let us unite the two Tabernacles, that of the altar and that of the home. Without adding anything to our program, which is already so complete and conformable to the spirit of the Church and the needs of our time, let us emphasize the rallying cry of families:

“Live by the Tabernacle!”

“Be yourselves tabernacles!”

In burning words of faith let us speak to them of the Gift of God-Emmanuel, God-with-us. Urge them sweetly yet strongly towards the Holy Eucharist, so that the God hidden in the Host may become the Emmanuel of our homes.

To succeed, we have no need of establishing a system, it has been all traced out for us by the Kindness of the King of Love, Who has not kept His desires secret: it is for us to carry them out zealously, for us to present them such as they are, without diminution and in the spirit in which they were made.

So let us faithfully echo the pleading and suppliant Voice of the Master. In the families which have had the Enthronement, urge the communion of reparation, which will be an act of atonement for the thousands, who live and die without ever having tasted of this Eucharistic Manna.

Dwell often on the Eucharistic celebration of the First Friday. Multiply, not only individuals, but entire families, who, in a spirit of loving reparation and a thirst for His Reign will come to the Holy Table to give to the King the homage for which He asks. Make known the Great Promise of the Nine consecutive First Fridays, by keeping the spirit and significance given to it by Our Lord Himself.

In families consecrated to the Sacred Heart, foster by all the means that zeal can suggest, the beautiful and precious practice of the Holy Hour. We note with joy, that this exercise of Eucharistic reparation is extending today throughout the entire world. It will call down upon generous souls, and through them upon the members of the family who have gone astray, a very torrent, a deluge of mercy and life. And since we proclaim that Bethany, the family consecrated to the divine Heart, is by right a tabernacle of the Most High, why not ask the members of the family to gather round their King and Friend, at home, when they cannot go to the church on the eve of the First Friday, for the Holy Hour? There in the sanctuary of their home let His chosen

family, rejoicing in His close intimacy, render Him their homage of adoration, reparation and love. What a joyous sight for the angels, would this Holy Hour made in the home be! Let us again repeat with delight: this spectacle becomes more and more familiar to the angels who guard the destinies of Christian families.

As a logical consequence of all that has been said, we must strive more and more to keep the Feast of the Sacred Heart more perfectly. Let it be a Eucharistic homage, especially from the families who recognize Him as the King of Sweetness and Love. Invite them in virtue of their consecration, to come to the foot of the altar, there to receive Holy Communion on this blessed Friday. It must be by our efforts, proof against all difficulties, that the Feast of the Sacred Heart becomes the traditional family Communion Day, referring always to the same ideal: the Home should be the Tabernacle of Jesus Emmanuel.

Further, we must insist that after the Communion in the morning the assembled family renew more solemnly and lovingly than usual their social homage of adoration and reparation to the King of the Universe. When as the Intimate Friend of the home may so blessed, can be, "at home."

Before making some important reflection on the moral result of this Eucharistic splendor which is infused into the families of the Sacred Heart as a divine sap,

let us say a word on a point of immense importance and striking opportuneness: that of frequent and even daily Communion, being the first and fundamental basis of the Social Reign of the Sacred Heart.

It is certainly to the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus that we can apply these words: "Apud Te est fons vite indeficiens." Thou art the inexhaustible Fountain of Life. Let us, by an overwhelming effort unite this Divine Source to the natural source, the family, that we may accomplish the work of social regeneration.

We must train souls, and especially families to be Eucharistic, thereby preparing generations to be fundamentally Christian - Christian to the sublimity of heroism, that they may live even in the furnace of Babylon, and come forth unscathed by the flames of this perverse world which threatens to envelop and destroy all supernatural life.

Thus through the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, the King, the Centre and the Source of all Christianity, we shall be able to make Christian, that is to say, to purify and sanctify a society which too often, alas, is only outwardly Christian, while worldly and frivolous at heart. By virtue of the Eucharistic Bread, the Wheat of the Elect will be infused into this generation in such a way, as to make Jesus and Families, and Families and Jesus, one in the unity of the Sacred Heart. Such is the great work of Frequent Communion, to give Homes to the Sacred Heart and the

Sacred Heart to Homes; a work lasting in its results throughout the centuries—and throughout Eternity.

Since the War ended a wave of impurity and sensuality has broken over the world. It is a relaxation after five years of repression, which shows itself in a moral revolution, the result of a moral upheaval which is more disastrous than the War itself. We feel the need of a powerful and impenetrable barrier: **there is but the Tabernacle**, which must shelter beneath its roof that other tabernacle wherein the generations of tomorrow live and are trained and go through their first moral combats—the home!

In the same measure in which the Holy Eucharist becomes the daily bread of families, the soul and seed of divine life in society so also will it be the surest guarantee for those children who in their turn will become the nucleus of future society. They will be called the "Children of the Eucharist." We need such children if we are to obtain an army of priests aflame with zeal and of parents bearing the stamp of martyrs.

What an army of apostolic priests and laymen will come forth from these nurseries where Our Eucharistic Lord will have fostered virgin souls to conquer and sanctify the world, and holy parents to train up children for heaven.

In the measure in which we seem to be returning to the days of the great struggles which marked the first period of

the Church's history, so does that same Church, inspired from above, urge us to walk in the path of the early Christians of the Catacombs and of the Amphitheatre, who drew their heroism in life and their joy in death from the intimate and familiar intercourse with the God Emmanuel of the Tabernacle.

Now it is this very system of spiritual life which we reproduce by the Enthronement, so that in the near future, we may gain a victory over society, a victory not less brilliant and certainly as fruitful as that of the martyrs in the arena.

Christ will reign, Christ will conquer, Christ will rule by His Heart from which radiates the social triumph of the Sacred Host, and which will fill the tents of men, even in the desert of this life with the majesty of His presence and the fecundity which springs from Its open Wound.

Forward then. Let us go forth to the conquest of the Tabernacle of the King, for the King of the Tabernacle.

What can we fear? Have we not with us His Victorious and all-powerful Heart? He, Himself is our Leader. He, the first to raise the cry of this divine Crusade at Paray-le-Monial! Let us follow Him! For, as we possess the Tabernacle, the Ark of the New Covenant, containing the Treasure of His Heart, we are sure of victory. In spite of Satan and his followers, we shall cross the Red Sea in front of our enemies!

He will reign! No, He already reigns, and His reign will have no end for He is the Immortal King of Ages! All peoples and nations will acknowledge Him.

As for you, valiant apostles, who devote yourselves to the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families, make now a supreme effort to unite the Tabernacle of the Eucharist with the Tabernacle of the Home; go forth to the rallying cry of:

All praise to the Heart of Jesus!
Thy Kingdom Come!

(1) A special tract about 'Perpetual Communion' for obtaining the extension of the Reign of the Sacred Heart, is highly recommended to increase the love of frequent Communion and may be obtained from Sacred Hearts Academy, Fairhaven, Mass.

CIRCULAR LETTER
of
REV. FATHER MATHEO, SS.CC.
to
THE SECRETARIES OF THE WORK
OF THE ENTHRONEMENT.
MARCH, 1923.

Introduction—The Pope's Encyclical.

A GREAT event has inspired me to write this circular: the masterful Encyclical of our Holy Father, the Pope.

It is a document of the greatest value, not merely because it emanates from the highest moral authority on this earth, but also because of the grave and lucid lessons it gives to Christian society.

It reveals at the same time, inspiration from on High, and a remarkable clear-sightedness of the evils of our time and of the remedies so urgently required.

Society is deeply wounded. It is disturbed everywhere by disorders which reveal not a passing indisposition, but a mortal disease.

Society is much more unhappy today than it was in former times, even in ancient times. Why? Is it that merely human civilization is wanting; is it wealth and riches or science and genius which are at fault? Are we today poorer in money, in intellect or education; wanting the

elements of well-being, or the enjoyment of earthly things? Oh no! the cause of our ills is something quite different; it is the banishment of Jesus Christ from our civilization, which becomes again secular and pagan in individual consciences as in the family and in society. Jesus Christ withdraws, because He is driven from the school; from marriage; from the social and national life.

More than the great war and all other conflicts which one laments, it is the systematic and wilful forgetfulness of God and Jesus Christ which provokes this deep distress from which all seem to suffer. What is the remedy? It is as simple as it is efficacious. You must stop the Prince of Peace, the Christ King on His way to exile! You must say to Him like St. Peter, "*Domine quo vadis?*" "Lord, whither goest Thou?" You must, at all cost, make Him return with honor to that throne, which is His by divine right, in men's souls, in families and in nations! He must reign, He, the Savior of the world, in order that He may save humanity from the terrible disaster that threatens it, because it has repudiated the only true civilization: the civilization of the Crucified and of His Gospel.

Any other culture is but a deceitful mask of lies, of immorality, of misery and of barbarism.

His Holiness, Pius XI., repeats in urgent and sorrowful accents that declaration of Pius X., which inspired so much

generosity and heroism; all things must be restored in Christ; the hidden lives of souls as well as the external lives of the people.

Popes succeed one another, their style varies, but how striking it is to observe the Church's eternal and unchanging teaching of the Gospel truths.

1. "The Program of the Pope is an
Encouragement to us."
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What a joy for the Secretaries of the Enthronement, what solemn encouragement to find again in this incomparable Encyclical, all our ideal of the Apostolate; all our plan of holy war; all our working program organized for the social reign of the Savior King, the King of Love! I am convinced that all our dear and numerous colleagues have recognized with emotion in this Pontifical document all the grand ideas of the Crusade; the "Oportet Illum regnare"; the "Adveniat regnum tuum," which constitute the unique aim of our Apostolate.

Zelators of the Enthronement, you were under no illusion when you endeavored with a devotion proof against every obstacle, to Enthrone the Christ King in men's souls, in schools, in families, in social institutions and even in nations.

Behold! the great and learned Pontiff now confirms with the eloquence of his supreme authority, all your supernatural aspirations, all your admirable efforts.

What a splendid reward! You are not merely approved, but even encouraged by the Vicar of Jesus Christ himself.

Still, all your secret joy must not stop there, it must be communicative. I mean, you must get many others to participate in your supernatural joy, by redoubling your zeal for the concrete and practical realization of the teaching of His Holiness Pius XI. Let us draw closer to the Standard which the venerable and well-beloved Pontiff holds in his sacred hands. Let us testify by a fervent Apostolate to the beauty and to the truth of his doctrinal pronouncements.

We have not—far from it—to undertake anything new or to modify, either in substance or in detail, the plan of our work in order that it may answer to the aspirations of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. We have only to accentuate it, in its spirit and in its organization, in order, to render it stronger and still more victorious for the glory of the Heart of Jesus. I will go further! We enter so thoroughly, it seems to me, into the intentions and thoughts of His Holiness, Pius XI.; our work is so entirely within the spirit of his admirable Encyclical, that I am almost tempted to believe that while drafting it the great Pope has perhaps given a thought to the humble workers whom he knows by name, and whom he loves with paternal affection. Yes! in speaking of “The Peace of Christ by the Social Reign of Christ,” would it be rash to believe it

so? His heart has reserved a blessing for the small but resolute phalanx which struggles, under the orders of the Pontiff, to restore in the family, and through it, in society, the Sovereign Royalty, the entire doctrine, the intangible legislation and the supreme love of the Christ-King.

2. How we can cooperate with the Pope.

And now a word of practical advice. It is evident that for this undertaking the Pope depends upon souls who are proof against all trials.

Apostles of the Social Reign of the Heart of Jesus, renew again your faith and your supernatural spirit, that you may be docile instruments. Divine work must be done in a Divine way. Remember that we are not erecting a scaffolding of human dreams; we wish to build a celestial city. It is said that faith is disappearing. Alas! it is only too true; but the evil is not irremediable. It needs apostles with a faith proof against all things to rekindle it in careless or negligent souls and in Christian homes, contaminated by a dangerous materialism.

Believe in the omnipotence, believe in the doctrine, believe in the fidelity and above all, in the love of the Adorable Master. St. John said that the victory which will gloriously overcome the world and save it, is the victory of our faith. (I, John x., 4).

"Do you believe that I can do it? If

you believe, you shall see the Omnipotence of My Heart in the magnificence of My Love," said the Savior to St. Margaret Mary. (Life and Works, II., 436 n.).

Let us believe! But, above all, let us love with an immense love! The apostle must be, above all, a flame to make Love, loved. The instrument should be a burning bush of charity. All our social preaching, all the shining strength of our Apostolate, must emanate from a heart inflamed and from a soul on fire. All other eloquence, whatever it may be, will be **only** a fire of straw. If we wish to do serious work for the Sacred Heart, it is necessary at all costs that the flames of that Adorable Heart should consume our own hearts. Every word and all activity which is not the faithful echo of a loving heart, of a heart wounded by the love of his Savior, is but a furrow traced in the sands of the sea-shore; the waves rise and efface the work, which perhaps was hard, but not lasting or fruitful, because it was done without love.

Let us do a work of **life** and of **eternal life**, of that life which is nothing else than the charity of Jesus Christ.

Let this charity Jesus has given to us from the Cross, through the wounds of His lacerated Body and of His pierced Heart penetrate our hearts. We shall draw everything to Him only by the supernatural strength of our immolation. Because the Apostolate in general and that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in

particular, supposes strength of love reaching unto death, even unto the death of the Cross. This is the secret, this is the last word of all its fruitfulness. In our mission, the most beautiful of glories is the ascent to Calvary between the King and the Queen of Love. It is thus that our sacrifice crowns the work, begun in privations and tears at Bethlehem and consummated on the Cross.

Those words cause nature to revolt, but I speak in this circular to the friends and apostles of the Heart of Jesus, and to them I can say: Jesus will reign only by His Cross and by ours.

Let us, then proclaim the honor and joy of suffering in order to extend His Social Reign. Let us accept mental pain, sickness and disappointments, apparent and painful failures. That chalice which comes to us not from the angel, but from the King of Gethsemane, cooperates in His glory. Let us drink it with peace and love, so that He may reign.

I insist on this thought; there indeed is the spirit that the Pope expects from the workers who are to cooperate in the enterprise of social Christian regeneration, recommended by his supreme authority as Pontiff in his recent Encyclical, an urgent enterprise of salvation which desires to restore the equilibrium and the peace which have disappeared from the world.

As to the other means—human means, the resources of nature; what are they as

a cure for such great evils? As His Holiness Pius XI. has said, they are but weakness and impotence. With a masterful hand, he traces an alarming picture of the bankruptcy and the disastrous failures of the efforts of the good, of scientists and of the learned, who have tried to rebuild the house of social peace and justice without God, and who ignore His rights, His law and His Divine Person.

It is, once more, the story of the Tower of Babel, where minds are confounded by the lack of supernatural light, where interests clash in the quest of egotism, or sensuality and pride, where confusion increases from speakers and writers ignoring Divine Authority, and not recognizing the King of Kings and His Church.

Certainly we are not all scientists, nor are we eloquent, influential or powerful according to the world, but instead, we have the Gospel and its spirit, and also the grace and the Omnipotence of our Master, the only true Master. Strengthened by His promises, blessed by His Vicar, we shall be, in our weakness, stronger than the great politicians, more fruitful than the makers of speeches and deluded dreamers. We shall do the work of God under the guidance of our Holy Father. We shall be the most meek, but also the most determined of apostles. We shall preach the "Peace of Christ by His Social Reign."

3. Social Importance of the Enthronement.

And now let us say a word about the Enthronement as an organized work, of its spirit and of its importance in Christian society. Never will you be sufficiently cognizant of the beauty of the cause which you are defending, never sufficiently penetrated by its importance for the future of your country.

That work is developing more and more like a synthesis of faith and social action and not—a thousand times not—as a simple devotion. We aim higher and we wish for something deeper: “to Christianize and sanctify the family.” The family is, and will remain, the first school of education for society; it is, and will remain, either the source of truth and virtue or that of falsehood and moral poison for the nation. It is, and it will remain, the most beautiful of sanctuaries, the tabernacle of nature, enhanced by the grace of Nazareth and by the sublime dignity of a Sacrament which makes it a living temple for the living God and a source of Christian life for all time.

The Sovereign Pontiff looks with grief on the breaking up of society, which is miserable because it is apostate. But this making up and this apostasy, the Pope well says, has its starting point in the perversion of the family, in the overthrow of Nazareth, in the profanation of marriage, in the disappearance of the Christian sense from the family sanctuary.

The social revolution which everywhere threatens, utters cries of victory, only because it has broken down the walls of the home; it has sown desolation and death in scattering the sacred bonds of family life, in undermining the Christian authority of parents and in the secularization of the home of banishing Jesus Christ.

In order to render homage to a modern pseudo-civilization, they will have no more to do with this King nor His Sceptre; they have endeavored to take from Him His throne in the family; and, alas; if they have not completely succeeded (for victory will never belong to Satan), the evil is very deep and the breach opened in the family citadel is gaping and formidable.

The social disaster which the Sovereign Pontiff deplors is only a logical consequence. For small countries and families constitute the large countries and nations. The apostasies and misfortunes of peoples have been preceded by the apostasy and misfortunes of the homes, a nation will only be as its family life. The national collectiveness, inasmuch as it is the co-ordinated grouping of families, is the reflection of the spirit and mentality of the homes; these have been perverted and paganized and the nations do but reap the storm sown in the family furrow.

As has been said, all this is perfectly logical; whether they reason according to true natural philosophy, or according to

the divine philosophy of the Gospel. His Holiness, Benedict XV., expressed it very clearly and eloquently in the letter which he addressed to the Apostles of the Enthronement. According to that great Pontiff we must undertake the anti-social revolution, that is to say, a work of reparation and of Christian restoration. Reparation for that social and National sin, the elimination of Jesus Christ from the constitution and from family life. This is why the fact of enthroning the King of Love in the place of honor in the home, whether of the rich or poor, bears before God an importance and a meaning which surpasses the outward beauty of a simple ceremony, however beautiful it may be. A simple ceremony without a sorrow is not our aim, but a sincere and lasting enthronement is what we strive for with all our might.

But sacred music has its importance and its role; if the Liturgy of the Altar is a thousand times venerable and worthy of all our respect, because of the profound truths which it expresses or symbolizes—this form of social and family adoration appeals to earnest Christians and to those who wish to make reparation for the silence, the timidity and the culpable condescension of modern society. These too often remain silent in social life when they should speak loudly and firmly, they hide their faith when they should proclaim it, and when they should acknowledge openly the Rights of the King Whom

they adore in secret. They have not the courage to show His Image with pride, in their drawing rooms, as a badge of nobility and dignity, exposed to the view of those who pander only too much to the world and who are too timid in their belief. By this gradual accommodation to worldly demands they slip away so easily and so far. They will praise and proclaim anything, they will publish anything, absolutely anything, except — "social faith in Jesus Christ, the King of kings." They forget that silence from too complaisant Christians is often the beginning of treason and that a too great human prudence often prepares an abyss. The enemies of God proclaim with boldness their hatred of Him. Let us proclaim boldly our love; let us proclaim, in a spirit of reparation, the indelible Rights of our Savior.

But this reparation which we extol does not exhaust the significance of this beautiful social and Christian ceremony, the Enthronement. This is also, and above all, a restoration of the Christian life in the family. This, no doubt, is how you have always understood it, Secretaries of this Crusade, which is so dear to us, but so much must this idea be the soul and ideal of our apostolate, that once more I call attention to its capital importance.

Yes, we preach Jesus Christ and in Him and by Him alone, our King enthroned, we face the social reconstruction which

the Sovereign Pontiff proposes to a world-shaken from its foundations, mortally wounded in its most vital part, namely, in the home. How numerous are those families only outwardly Christian, Catholic in name rather than by the profound conviction of their faith, whose life is so little in accord with the Gospel teaching. How few, on the other hand, are the truly loving families who in their homes worship Jesus-Christ in spirit and in heart! This is indeed an immense evil, of which it is easy to guess the fatal consequences, if we do not succeed in restoring the edifice which is threatened with ruin.

That which is called the law of divorce, but which ought rather to be called the deadly crime of divorce, has been the cause of deaths which have surprised even the authors of this social and unpardonable iniquity. The evils caused by divorce surpassed their expectations. Why? Because the soil of the family was only too well prepared to receive that deadly seed. A good ground, that is, a family truly Catholic, would have rejected it, or at least would have rendered it barren and sterile.

It is the same with the unfortunate mentality of society. It is perverted, says His Holiness, Pius XI., by a political modernism. This modernism, which is a mixture of anti-Christian naturalism in its ideas and of frank paganism in its conduct, has its evident source in the very cradle of society, the dechristianized homes. Everything in nature and in

grace, in ill and in good, follows its logical course from which there is no escape.

Let us then renew the Apostolate by a vigorous effort. let us bring back to the Christian family Him. Who once entering the home at Bethany, said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live." (John xi., 25). Yes, let us reproduce Nazareth and Bethany by the cherished Work of the Enthronement.

As I said in my Circular of last year. let us not confine ourselves to preaching a simple formula of piety, a devotion without marrow; let us preach the charity of Christ. That is the Life! A thousand times more, than the beautiful picture, the symbol of the Heart of Jesus, let us endeavor to bring into the homes the Divine Reality, the Living King of Love. Better than the place of honor in the house, obtain for Him the place of honor in the heart. I mean: endeavor to make Him known; there are so many ignorant people; strive to make Him loved with a love that is trusting and generous. There are so many distrustful and careless people, even among those who call themselves His friends! Oh! strive to make the Divine Legislator deeply loved so that His Law may be observed with love and by love! Can there be a more serious and fruitful Apostolate than that which consists in preaching this crusade? To bring God and Jesus Christ to the Home, and the Gospel and the Decalogue to the country?

And thus to promote a powerful supernatural renewal in society by the health-giving Christian family life.

I need not repeat the two substantial elements which constitute the reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the family where He has been Enthroned, namely, the "Eucharistic flame," and "the effective and faithful friendship between the home and Jesus Christ." I have spoken of it at great length in my former circulars. That friendship must establish itself in all the hearts of Bethany by a life of prayer and of confidence, by a true living with Jesus-Emmanuel. He wishes to share all the family life, its mourning and rejoicing, its sorrows and anxieties. He is a Friend Who must preside, even as He did at the nuptials of Cana, now and in the future, during life and at the death of parents and of children. Here indeed is the realization of that invocation in the Litany: "Heart of Jesus, King and Centre of all hearts," and of this wonderful saying of the Savior Himself: "You are My friends." (John xv., 14). To refresh in your memory these two grand ideas, read again and meditate, dear colleagues, the circular of last year. Keep that circular always as a word of command, not from the poor apostle who is writing to you, but from the King and the Friend of Bethany Who imposes on you His Law of Love.

4. Social Apostasy.

I cannot pass over in silence one of the categorical assertions of His Holiness, Pius XI., in his Encyclical: Society is threatened with disaster and nations totter because the "Corner stone which is Jesus Christ," is rejected with impiety by those, alas, who, because of their office, ought to guard temporal peace and order in human society. They have forgotten that there is but one Name whose Omnipotence can ensure salvation, the Name of the Savior, Jesus. (Acts iv., 12). They will not admit Him, into the schools or the constitutions of small or large countries, neither will they give Him access into their administrations of peace and social justice. They will not tolerate Him at the head of great public movements, they banish Him with disdain and with infernal hatred. He is driven from Parliaments, from tribunals, and from the most solemn treaties between nations. This is why, with a premeditation gravely culpable, they have for a long time, and especially recently, striven to lessen the influence of the Church, and to stifle the voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. This abominable plan, carefully worked out in the Lodges, has been practically realized, with few exceptions, in the national and international life of nearly all the nations. It is therefore, not astonishing that the Pope should repeat the words of the Prophet. "Desolatione desolata est terra."

xii., 11). The world is as if draped in a winding sheet of immense gloom; it is threatened with moral disaster, the like of which has never been known in preceding centuries. In former times, the evils were rather the result of the atrophy of secondary and inferior members; they were the isolated revolts of individuals or of groups. In our time the very source of society has been reached and profaned. At all times there have existed the blind, the dumb and the infirm, the paralytics, even in great numbers, but in our day, the evil is quite different. It is the head and the heart, it is the vital organs which are attacked. Revolution in our time comes from above and exerts its influence on the populace to contaminate and pervert it. And the one of those maddened by the pride of intellect is to try to dry up and to poison the source of all reaction and of conversion to God. They endeavor even to take from the weaker members the possibility of returning to moral health and to a Christian life. This is the reason why these Nabuchodonosors, these Herods, these modern Sanhedrin endeavor, with so much passion and tenacity, to take from the people the knowledge of the Divine, the Christian spirit and the influence of the Church. They fill the well of Jacob with the muddy water of worldly morals, they banish from the schools and from the families the thought of God and the authority of Jesus Christ. Modern

revolution, I insist, does not take its source in popular communism, but in that other revolt, much more deliberate and culpable, the revolt from those high in authority. Jesus Christ is judged and condemned socially and politically, by those who are humbly speaking, the great ones of the earth. In our time, as in the time of Pilate, all the enemies of the Master are of one mind, they call a truce to their quarrels and help one another to crucify Him. The word "Tolle" has been uttered by the great, and, unfortunately, the crowd repeats it, sometimes out of malice, often for its own interest, and sometimes from weakness or from ignorance.

Here now is the evil, the great evil which is denounced with such insistence by His Holiness, Pius XI. After reading that masterful Encyclical, the words of Our Lord instinctively come to our lips "Qui potest capere capiat."—"He that can take, let him take it." (Matt. xix., 12).

But it is not possible that, after twenty centuries of Christianity, the tragedy of the Pretorium should be renewed, without energetic protestations being made, or without the friends and the apostles of the King of kings, defending His Rights which are insulted and despised. His glory is our own. His Rights constitute the only solid foundation of our most legitimate rights. Let us then fight for His cause, let us give our lives for His Kingdom.

Happy apostles of the social Reign

tors of the Enthronement, you are not content with vain protestations, with fruitless lamentations, and you are right. The hour is come for action and you must give it by your zeal and devotion. You must more than raise a barrier against the flowing waves of iniquity; you promote the necessary reaction, the urgent and indispensable counter-revolution, you are organizing at the same time the resistance and the restoration. At the same time as you stop the impious in their wicked work, you prepare the most splendid triumph more durable and more glorious than the triumph which preceded Good Friday, another Palm Sunday.

In fact, you have been told many times in intimate and practical conversations, as well as in solemn meetings, that the Enthronement is a veritable plebiscite a national family referendum which claims the most explicit and authentic votes for the re-establishment of the social and Constitutional Royalty of the Christ-King. A plebiscite all the more eloquent and fruitful inasmuch as it is authorized by the very structure of family life. More, in fact, than the Parliaments of countries, it is the families which represent before God, before the Church and before the élite of the community, the mentality and will of the nation. It is the prayers, adoration, and homage of the families which really constitute the homage, the adoration and the prayers of the nation.

In this sense it is easy to understand

why some countries, apostate by their Governments and law-givers, have not been crushed by God's avenging justice. While these betray and blaspheme the Master, families, by a spontaneous and authentic vote, make reparation at the foot of the Altar, and in the home, for the evil work of the official Sanhedrin. Official paganism is not always—far from it—the reflex of the soul and of the heart, of the mind and of the will of the people. The voice of families who adore and call Jesus "King of kings," counterbalances before God the wilful crime of a handful of governing sectarians who strive to crucify Him. We must judge of things and events as God Himself judges them. Without palliating the crime of modern Pilates, while courageously condemning their evil deeds, let us acknowledge that the family plebiscite has, in fact and by right, even from a human point of view, if not from a legal one, a scope whose value has not always been appreciated at its true worth. Even Catholics are sometimes infatuated with an exaggerated policy, to them "the State" is everything. Well! though we respect the established order of things in everything that is due to it, let us modify our ideas, let us soar higher, let us reason more supernaturally, in order to stand more in the way of justice and of truth.

Fortunately these two virtues are not the product of human conventionalism, but the moral principles of an eternal and a

terable Gospel, and the indispensable foundation of all private and political according to the teaching of the Church, the infallible interpreter of revealed doctrine. Thus, dear colleagues, let us be convinced of the superiority of the family plebiscite which is the intimate and authentic expression before God and the Church of the will of the nation. Consequently, let us organize and defend it by every means in our power, for families must choose between Barabbas and Jesus Christ.

And that choice has not only its echo in Heaven, in the balance of the Lord; its happy consequences do not stop with the precious graces which are the secrets of the heart and of consciences. The Enthronement, being a social homage of faith, it must, in fact, does, produce an external effect a thousand times blessed and to a certain point unexpected.

A movement appears everywhere, emanated here and there; a movement which, emanating from the Eucharistic tabernacle and from the home, closely united to the dear Crusade, influences public opinion and provokes marvellous manifestations of social and national faith. We can already see that the plebiscite movement is forestalling, not only the return of souls to God, but the return of peoples to the Heart of the Christ-King. From the suggestion of His Holiness (Encyclical of 1904, c. XI).

The fact of this rebounding of the

Enthronement in families on the public is evident today, and all the more clear since apostasy was degenerating into a chronic disease of our age. One began at last to be resigned to it in face of the apparent impossibility of successfully escaping from it. And now the tangible result of our enterprise proves once again that Jesus Christ will conquer the world, and will reign over His enemies, if He finds near Him the company of His friends and of His apostles, strong and faithful to the principles of their faith. To confirm this assertion I will mention only two facts already well known. The official Enthronement in Spain, on May 30th, 1918, performed by the Catholic King in the presence of his ministers, of the royal family and of the Court, and then the great and numerous solemn Enthronements made in Holland since 1916.

Notice, my dear colleagues, that in these two countries it is the Crusade of the Enthronement, and it is our secretaries who have given the lead to this great movement of public faith, it is they who have organized it and continue to augment it. This is your work, this is your legitimate glory, zelators of the Kingdom of your beloved Master.

And the same great plebiscite spreads and is organized elsewhere, it is cutting a road, it is preparing everywhere the way to the victory of the King of Love. As a proof of this, let us recall the splendid ovation He received a few months ago at

de Janeiro in Brazil, at the close of the
tional Eucharistic Congress.

We can say, without fear of being
staken, that it is in great part the
alt of the Enthronement which is flour-
ing in that country. I should have
n there for the Centenary Feast of the
pendence, because of the invitation of
official authorities and of the Cardinal
chbishop of the capital. This is
y in a former circular I spoke to you
in Epiphany which seems to gather,
te by little, princes, governing bodies
l kings around the one great Monarch
the earth, and those too, who begin to
lize, if only vaguely, the true interest
their people in the light of the Gospel
ching.

It is unnecessary to repeat here what
s Holiness, Pius XI. affirms in the
ole of his Encyclical, that the peace so
ch desired will only be the fruit of this
ine Kingship, established and
nowledged. Peace is not an earthly gift,
s not the endowment of civilized peoples,
a the rich, and still less, of the pleasure-
kers and worldly-minded. True peace,
only peace, is the peace of Jesus
rist, as much for private individuals
d for families as it is for nations; or,
ter still, "Peace is Jesus Christ and
n alone." *Adveniat, adveniat, adveniat*
ignum Tuum! Yes, may the reign of
tice, of truth and of the love of the
ut of Jesus come soon, bringing to us,
to Bethlehem, the Redeemer of all

things, the Savior of families, the Liberator of nations. He is at the door, He knocks—Oh! if Israel, if the world only knew. If the world would recognize Who He is. He, Who so full of meekness, of sweetness, of mercy, begs by Divine Right for the throne that His Father has given Him as an inheritance for the happiness and salvation of the world. *Adveniat!* May the Kingdom of Christ come, and by Him, Peace, the gift of His Heart.

5. Conclusion—Consoling News.

Allow me, dear and devoted zelators to terminate this Circular, written in fragments in full pressure of work, by offering you my most cordial felicitations and the testimony of my gratitude.

At any rate, this cordial and simple exchange of thoughts tightens the supernatural link between the Apostles, maintains the spirit and helps the "entente" between the Directors and the Secretaries of the Crusade, and consolidates the indispensable unity of direction, of spirit and of action. This is why, in spite of work, often overwhelming, I make a point of sending you every year this Circular, as a link between the numberless centres of the Enthronement and the general Directors of the Work.

Allow me to add one word—to tell you of the immense joy I have felt on finding everywhere good and virtuous priests whose devotion is unbounded. What

confusion it is for me to address them in the numerous sacerdotal reunions where it was rather their example which preached to the preacher. What joy it has given me to speak to the pupils of the Seminaries who will be the apostles of tomorrow! What a firm foundation and what a fruitful source for the dear Work were those innumerable Communities in which I found that which is the real power of the apostolate: an interior life of immolation and of immense love.

This is why, dear apostles, I had no right to accept thanks on my way, because the sweet and deep supernatural satisfaction which I have mentioned richly compensated me for all fatigue. It is a reward that I have never deserved, since after all I only do my duty, small as it is. Bless then and thank the Heart of Jesus, praise Him that He has chosen you for such a grand vocation, and above all repay that ineffable favor by your immolation, by your burning love and by your zeal.

A final observation: in general, I can truly say that where I have found the "Review of the Sacred Reign of the Sacred Heart," (1) read and freely distributed, I have found a great zeal and a more supernatural understanding of the

(1) The English Official Magazine of the Work of the Enthronement is "The Tabernacle and the Home," published quarterly, to be obtained from Sacred Hearts Academy, Fairhaven, Mass.

(2) The French Review: "Regne social du Sacre Coeur dans les familles" may be obtained from the same address.

Enthronement. Redouble your efforts in the different centres to spread this publication in families consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

And to all this good news I must add one which will thrill your hearts with joy.

The venerable Cardinal Mercier, a great friend of our Crusade and who takes a lively interest in it, wishes me to visit him for a long stay in January. I have to communicate to you, said His Eminence, great and happy news: "Rome desires three Theological Commissions, one in Belgium, the other in Spain and the third in Rome, to study the question of the Definability of "Mary's universal mediation." It is a great step taken by the Holy See in a cause which is so dear to us. Return thanks with us and let us pray to hasten that hour of grace for the world when Mary will be officially declared by the Church "Mediatrice" of all graces.

It is a pleasant duty, dear zelators, to transmit this news to you which has been already published by the Catholic press; it must rekindle our love towards the Queen of Love.

Never forget that it is She who must prepare the victory of the King, her Son. Yes, may She be the mediatrix, especially in the social triumph which our weak efforts prepare for the Sacred Heart of Jesus. May Mary obtain as soon as possible the social reign of the Christ King.

Shortly I shall go to Switzerland for

the second time, and almost immediately after, I return to England, for a longer tour than the first one.

Do not forget, dear colleagues, that it is not "words," not simple exterior activity which produce life and which touch souls, or obtain the conquest of families; it is the apostolate of your faith, of your sacrifices, of your fervent Communions.

This is the efficacious cooperation which I allow myself to claim from you all, that we may do together the work of the Lord. I shall be the "voice," you will be the "flame." I shall be the tongue and you will shed around me the Pentecost of your charity.

For the sake of social peace, work to establish the Social Reign of the Heart of Jesus.

P. MATHEO, SS.CC.

Valognas (Manche), 14th March, 1923.

CIRCULAR LETTER OF THE
REV. FR. MATHEO, SS.CC.

To the Secretaries of the Work of the
Enthronement of the Sacred Heart.
1925.

Loretto, Feb. 18th, 1925.

DEAR APOSTLES OF THE ENTHRONEMENT,

Once again it is the Holy Father who gives us the theme of study and meditation for the success of our Apostolate. He is a Shepherd, his mission is to point out the secret of victory in each renewed onslaught. The Holy Door stands wide open, it is the sanctuary of life, the source of mercy: the Heart of Jesus, the Heart of our great King.

How consoling it is for us, the apostles of the Divine Sovereignty of the Sacred Heart to see the Holy Father impregnated, as it were, by the idea which formed the text for his allocution on the opening of the Holy Year: Pax Christi in regno Christi. The Peace of Christ in the reign of Christ. Peace will come with the victorious King in the measure in which He is acknowledged as the King of souls, of families, of society and of nations. Is it not again this idea which influenced the Pope in the choice of the ~~anniversary~~ ^{centennial} ~~commemorative~~ ^{year} struck for the Holy Year, on one side of which both the little and the great of this world are

represented directing their steps towards the Heart of Jesus.

That you may renew your zeal think for a moment of the systematic and implacable revolt against Christ which, more terrible than the Great War, shakes the world from pole to pole. I speak of it with immense grief yet at the same time with immense joy—for this explosion of hate is a certain proof of the outburst of great love which exasperates our enemies. Their anger while urging us to sincere penitence should also strengthen and redouble our courage. Lift up your hearts for this "Holy Year" means a year of hope and especially a year of mercy.

THE SOCIAL REIGN OF THE SACRED HEART.

In the first place let us take, according to the spirit of the Church, the leading idea of the Holy Year in the short but eloquent commentary of Pius XI himself. "Year of salvation, of mercy, and that it may be truly so, a year also of new victories for the King of Peace a year of consolidation and extension of His Social Reign."

This is no new doctrine for us—we have fought to the battle cry of *Adveniat Regnum Tuum*—but since the Holy Father has once more proclaimed this sublime watchword, let us redouble our efforts and cooperate with the work of the Pope. Let us intensify our apostolate for the Social Reign of the King of Love.

How is this to be done? Not by attacking the ranks of the enemy with indiscreet zeal: that is a tactic of war, but not of the battle for souls. Rather let us remain where we are and multiply our supernatural forces, let us intensify our spiritual powers and our apostolic spirit. Above all let our Secretaries live, work and fight with a confidence proof against all trial. Discouragement must be an unknown cowardice in our ranks. We must repeat and repeat the magic word of Saint Thérèse precisely because the times are becoming more and more difficult for our work. What victories have we not already obtained, not surely because of our weakness, but in spite of it, by the almighty power of inexhaustible confidence. You will never go too far in this spirit of confiding-love. You should be impregnated and saturated with it. How much more should we have done if our confidence had always been at high-tide in that Mercy which began this work of the Enthronement and which has so visibly supported it.

Hold fast in this glorious trench, hold fast with a heart overflowing with loving confidence, hold fast in spite of the obstacles and the misunderstandings, hold fast even while experiencing the most bitter disappointments for that is the charity, the love which the Heart of Jesus expects from His friends and His apostles.

How many of the apostles of the Social Reign of the Sacred Heart meet difficulties

and even partial defeat with a Magnificat on their lips and absolute confidence in their souls. And if this or that Secretariate has to stand against the storm, has to battle through a difficult crisis, let the Magnificat be recited at the end of the meetings as long as the difficulty lasts. This is the only secret of victory for the Vicar of the Sacred Heart in the Vatican and it is the only secret for us, the most insignificant, but not the least courageous of the soldiers in his army.

In the second place, work to develop the flame of the Eucharist spirit in families who have enthroned the King. Say and repeat that behind the picture we must at all cost have the Reality that the King of Love must preside over the family. More and more this thought takes possession of me: we must impregnate families with the Holy Eucharist. In what consists the reign of the King of Peace, a living reign because it is established on love. We shall never realize the marvellous consequences which flow from this transformation of homes into tabernacles—or in other words, which flow from the intimate union, as in a two-storied palace—between the Tabernacle of the King and that of His true friends, between the Eucharistic Tabernacle and the Tabernacle of the Home.

Come back to this great principle when you distribute your monthly leaflets. Never be discouraged; beg for love in the

Name of Jesus and Jesus will speak through you. As far as it depends on you let the celebration of the Month of May and of the Month of the Sacred Heart be before all and above all a Eucharist homage. And then because the King is faithful; the rest will follow. Try to gain more and more homes to Christ and enthrone in them the Law-giver and His Law. Thus by the mercy of His Heart we shall sow peace for the future. Perhaps we may die, as did Sister Mary of the Divine Heart of Porto, just as the bells are ringing to announce a supreme victory. What does it matter? We shall die, we shall pass away, but the King will live for ever. He will reign on the throne prepared for him by us. That glory suffices.

TWO GLORIOUS ANNIVERSARIES.

The 16th of June, 1925, will be the 250th anniversary of Our Lord's request at Paray-le-Monial, for a Feast of the Sacred Heart, and we may well cry out in gratitude, "Gratias agimus Tibi propter magnam gloriam Tuam!"

From her throne of glory, Saint Margaret Mary must contemplate today a radiant and magnificent spectacle. She sees better than we do what great things were wrought by her instrumentality. And these miracles of love continue to develop like an ocean of powerful mercy, continually advancing and conquering the world right down the centuries, even to the threshold of eternity. It is our privi-

lege to follow her; we walk in the path she has marked out for us. We continue to realize in fact, the vision of Paray.

This year also brings us another anniversary. Fifty years ago, on June 16, 1875, the Catholic world consecrated itself to the Sacred Heart. It was not certainly, an official act like that of Leo XIII. twenty years later, on June 11th, 1899, an act which he counted as the greatest of his Pontificate. Pius IX. did not consider it opportune to make or order an official Consecration, but he approved a formula and sent it to the Bishops; he exhorted all the faithful to recite it on the 16th of June, and granted a plenary indulgence to those who should do so. And the faithful of the entire world responded enthusiastically to the exhortation of the venerable Pontiff.

This anniversary should not pass unnoticed among us; we must echo the prayer of the Christian world of 1875. Yet this is not the only reason for reminding you of this memorable date, it is principally that I may speak to you of the Social Royalty, the Royalty of Love of the Sacred Heart. Too often the Sacred Heart is looked upon as a principle only of interior life; as a principle of hidden love which is the life of the soul. Yet this is not ALL that He wished to express by the revelations of Paray. I will reign by My Heart." He asks a real effective Sovereignty, the foundation of which doubtless, is the interior conquest

of hearts, but the logical development of which must be His Social Reign. The Consecration of Leo XIII. insists more than once on these words: "Be King!" In fact, this Act is the official proclamation of the Sovereignty of the Sacred Heart, begging the Divine King to render it effective even over infidels, heretics and schismatics.

That devotion to the Sacred Heart is not only a principle of interior life, but also a principle of christian social triumph is abundantly proved by facts. From when does the public, social and even sometimes the official homage of Our Lord's Royalty date, if not from the great revelation of the King of Love? Since then—Equador by the mouth of her Martyr-President Garcia Moreno, Colombia by State Law and the vote of the Chamber, two other Republics of Central America, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, Canada by the Governor of Quebec, and finally Spain by the Official Enthronement made by His Majesty Alphonso XIII.—have acclaimed and recognized this Divine Sovereignty AT THE SAME TIME as they have rendered public and solemn homage to the Heart of Jesus by an explicit Consecration. Let us add to these the hundred and more public and official Enthronements of Holland, a protestant country, and many like ceremonies in Belgium and France, and also on a large scale in Canada. We must acknowledge that the Sovereignty of the

King of Love has made more conquests since Paray than religious history can register before the revelation—another proof that Christ desires to reign as King of Love, and that he desires to establish His reign of Peace by the power of His adorable Heart.

Just as the love of the Holy Eucharist has passed from the domain of private piety to public life, to culminate finally in the splendid social triumphs of the Eucharistic Congresses, so also devotion to the Heart of Jesus has outstepped the limits of private and family life to attain its full signification in the Social Reign of the King of Love. As the Sacred Host hidden in the Catacombs, is today carried in triumphal procession in the public streets, so also the Heart of Jesus emerging victoriously from the sphere of private devotion, advances with giant strides towards the glory of social triumph. Which of you will fail to recognize in this the sublime ideal of the Crusade of the Enthronement: as foundation, souls and families; as final aim, the Social Reign of the Sacred Heart.

CANONIZATIONS.

Let me draw your attention to some of the Canonizations of this Holy Year. Among them are those of three great apostles of the Sacred Heart: Blessed Pere Eudes who has been declared the author of the liturgical worship of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary; Blessed

Madeleine Sophie Barat, the Foundress of the Religious of the Sacred Heart; and Blessed Little Thérèse, who as the Saint of Love and the Messenger of Love belongs by right to us.

May these Canonizations, while filling us with joy, rekindle our spiritual energy and give our Secretariates a new and more powerful spur of faith and confidence in the victory of the King of Love.

CONCLUSION.

On the occasion of the sweet and glorious anniversary of Our Lord's request for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, I would ask all our Secretariates to redouble their efforts so that the Feast of Friday, June 19th, may be kept, if possible, more solemnly and triumphantly than in preceding years. Let the King of kings be acclaimed. Spare neither fatigue nor sacrifices that this may be so. Let His royal throne be surrounded by loving crowds; let the families who have enthroned Him press around Him in loving intimacy, and closest of all let Him see His guard of honor—our Secretariates.

Try to obtain for this great day:

A splendid Eucharistic homage.

A social ovation of the Sovereignty of the King of Love.

A family feast in the homes, institutions, and schools, etc., which have had the Enthronement.

You are aware that the Catholic world

has petitioned the Holy Father to establish a solemn Feast in honor of the Divine Sovereignty of Our Lord, Who reigns over nations by His love.

There is no need for me to point out how this accords with our own program of work. So, while leaving to the Church the care of fixing the most appropriate date for this Feast, urge on the cause enthusiastically and coöperate as far as possible in this noble enterprise, which is founded on the idea which has always been that of our Crusade of the Enthronement, the social reign of the great King.

Ask the children who belong to the Apostolate of the Sacred Heart by the Young to offer their communions and sacrifices; ask those in sorrow and those who are ill for the tribute of their tears and immolation, so that the 250th anniversary of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, celebrated during the Holy Year, may mark a definitely new stage in the triumph of the King of Love over society and over nations.

Oh, that our apostolate and our confidence could but obtain the miracle of hearing the prayer of the King of Spain when officially enthroning the Sacred Heart, re-echoed at this crisis by other governors: "King of kings, give to a troubled world the solution of peace, justice, and love, that Thou alone canst give. Give us this solution by establishing Thy sweet empire over us"—the consequence of the Social Reign would be

the peace of Christ Himself—"Pax Christi in regno Christi!"

Dear apostles of the Enthronement, let us remain united in prayer and work. Courage! One day you will see the magnificence of the King if you believe in His love with a faith proof against all trials.

Oportet illum regnare! Adveniat.

Your devoted and grateful

PERE MATHEO, SS.CC.

IMPRIMATUR: Joannes ✠ Epus.
Plym, 19th May, 1925.

SAINT THERESE OF THE
CHILD JESUS.

SAINT THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS.

We have seen His Star.
She hath loved much.

A HUNDRED times a day God urges the best Christians, those who are most favored by His gifts, the chosen ones in all ranks and vocations to lead perfect and saintly lives. Why then are there not more saints? What marvellous examples of light and love are disregarded, wasted, frittered away.

All the materials for forging heroic virtue are there: the metal, the crucible and the workman; all the conditions for success are present, all the most favorable circumstances for producing a masterpiece of grace are brought together by Providence. And presiding over this moral workshop, waiting for the Fiat of our hearts, is the divine Master, His Heart beating with love, ready to breathe into the metal the breath of immortality as He once transformed a body of clay into a perfect Adam. Alas! this prodigy of grace is all too rare. Often, so often, the furnace dies down, the metal rusts and the workmen, who awaited but a word of command, are dismissed as inopportune.

This metal represents chosen souls; the crucible or furnace the crosses and combats inherent to every state of life; the workmen are people, circumstances and things: instruments used by the

Divine Bounty to chisel heroes into resemblance with the new Adam, Jesus our Savior. The workshop represents the homes, places of business, centres of activity and study, social life and work, life in the country or on the highway, in the Convent, in the palace or the smallest house, in short, the christian sanctuary wherever it may be, wherever the duties of the state of life and the Will of God have fixed the dwelling of a soul who believes, who suffers and who loves in this world, for eternity.

What a pity it is that chosen souls do not better understand the call of Jesus! Look around you. How many souls there are who by the duties of their state of life are within a few steps of becoming heroes or saints! Alas! it is very rare that they yield to so divine a temptation! Very often they are heroes, or nearly so by nature; they need only to supernaturalize their efforts and their combats, to transform whatever condition of life is theirs by faith, burning charity and by the beauty of their daily martyrdom, and in doing so they will be saints!

This is the case of fathers and mothers whose vocation is always sublime because it is always arduous. It is the case of the thousands of virgin souls, young girls, whether poor or rich, who in their families or in society find life a real crucible of suffering, a school of immolation. It is the case of men of the world, those sincere christians who are daily hampered

by a thousand painful obligations, and made anxious by responsibilities which are as serious as they are exacting. It is the case of thousands of Catholic working men and women in factories, mills and shops, whose daily bread is fatigue and who can look forward only to a future full of anxiety. Finally it is the case of parish priests, of apostles in Catholic Schools, teachers or religious whose life is often as dark, hard and rugged as that of miners, but with another kind of bitterness and sorrow which God alone can understand.

I insist that all these souls are often heroic, they bear the scars of martyrdom, they are already learning the lesson of detachment and even practice it on account of their vocation and of the duties of their state. What do they yet need that they may bear off the palm of an immortal victory? They need love. Let them but bring into their life such as it is, Jesus Christ living and lived with, and without changing their path, Jesus will make saints of them. This is the important and marvellous Gospel lesson brought to us by the sweet messenger of merciful love, the Flower of Lisieux, the Star which is acclaimed by the Church and by the world in the person of Little Thérèse.

Why are there not more real saints such as she in the world of chosen souls? Are the four walls of a cloister, the austerities of Carmel, the abstinence and silence of La Trappe, the habit, regularity and companionship of convent life

necessary? Certainly not.

Can we possess a pure and radiant soul, a detached and burning heart, a submissive and mortified body, can one aspire to the summit of holiness and arrive there as did the Star of Lisleux, be it in a less austere religious order or in the apparently ordinary path of a truly christian life in the world? Yes, most certainly and emphatically. Once again, why are there so few saints among Our Lord's friends?

Listen and let Thérèse illustrate my lesson.

Why are there not more saints among chosen souls? Many reasons could be given to explain but certainly not to justify an easy ordinary life, with no great anxieties and with no high ideals, a life which alas, is possible even in the cloister. Yet it is evident that in going to the root of the problem, one does not find oneself, in most cases, face to face with bad faith such as wilful laxity, formal resistance to grace or absence of serious effort. It seems to me that the evil comes, not exclusively, but chiefly, from a false doctrine, or if you prefer it, from an erroneous idea of holiness: of its substantial elements, the means of acquiring it, and the path which leads to it, whence come so many prejudices and errors, so many illusions and finally such fatal discouragement. Yes, this it is that most commonly stops chosen souls in the way of perfection; and that is why we

meet with relatively so few real saints, even where the graces of Jesus superabound.

Let me encourage your hearts and give them wings by penetrating them with this profound conviction: holiness is within the reach, and if I may say so, under the very hand of all fervent souls. To attain it is our first duty. Nay, our only duty, and that which includes all others. *Unum necessarium!* If it is a duty, then its attainment must be possible! Do you want a proof which is as splendid as it is convincing? Look at Little Thérèse of the Child Jesus, that lovely Star which in His Wisdom and His love the Heart of Jesus presents today to the astonished yet undazzled gaze of so many favored souls, who are painfully halting in the service of God, even in the very courts of the Lord, and yet who long to live a life of intimacy with Him.

What message is brought to us by this young Carmelite whose radiant face breathes only peace and who floods with light and love all who draw near to behold her. Like a bee in the Hive of the Lord she is busy transforming and sanctifying souls, especially the souls of those who are chosen by Jesus to be His intimate friends. Ah! do not fear her, she is young and so sweet, and yet, O mystery of grace, she is so heroic and so victorious in her love, as heroic and victorious in love as she is sound in theology.

What is the marvellous secret by

which this spouse of Jesus ravished His Heart and took by storm both the glory of heaven and the supreme apotheosis of honor upon earth at the age of only twenty-four years? She was far too young to count among those who are the gemuses of earth, and yet she lived long enough to be a saint of astonishing power and beauty. Listen to her cry: "Open, my Jesus, Thy book of Life wherein are recorded the actions of all Thy saints, for I wish I had accomplished them all for Thee." And He, Who worked the "little miracle" of the snow to satisfy the naive desire of His betrothed replied to the tollies of His spouse by the infallible voice of His Vicar, Pius XI., who when placing this Star in the firmament of the Church, said of her that she was "a miracle of grace and a prodigy of miracles." So there is nothing artonishing in the fact that she is followed today by a legion of souls whom she draws after her. Sweet and radiant Star! I shall not be at all surprised, dear readers, to see you change your path as soon as you have well understood and grasped her "Little Way." It was thus that the Magi acted on their return from Bethlehem. So make your souls ready to receive the good seed of holiness under the gracious influence of this new Star, and I am sure that it will produce great fruits in the fertile soil which is so well prepared by your good will. Those who belong to the Crusade of Love which I preach for the Social Reign of the Heart

Jesus, will be its ardent and devoted
 guides. THE APOSTOLATE IS
 NOTHING ELSE BUT HOLINESS
 RADIATING LIFE. Be as the wells of
 Jacob, full to the brim that you may
 quench the thirst for love of the divine
 shepherd and His flock.

I.

The first and most wide-spread of the
 prejudices to be destroyed concerning
 sanctity is this: that the saints, except
 all penitents, like Saint Mary Magdalen,
 were born saints. So that, if I may be
 allowed to say so, they are the fruit of
 some glorious fatality.

Nothing could be more false! Doubtless
 such things can be said of artists and
 men of remarkable genius, because these
 choicest children of nature have received
 extraordinary gifts which have but been
 developed and brought to perfection by
 circumstances and personal labor. Human
 genius and art are always the endow-
 ments of the cradle. Such was the case
 with Michelangelo and Shakespeare, with Dante
 and Michael Angelo, with Napoleon and
 Teresa of Avila.

But a saint—the Blessed Virgin alone
 excepted—is not born a saint. The genius
 of sanctity is acquired. The moral and
 supernatural beauty of sanctity is the
 masterpiece of divine grace combined
 with a free, faithful and heroic coopera-
 tion. Probably many of the great servants
 of God only received at Baptism the
 amount of grace accorded to all, but their

extraordinary fidelity and their lawful ambition have merited and irresistibly drawn upon them the extraordinary torrents of favours and choice graces which heaven never refuses to generous souls. They have fought the good fight and won the divine palm of victory. No, they were not all born extraordinarily richly endowed, but they become so because they desired it with ardent desire, they willed it with an unflinching will. The rest was done by the fidelity of the Lord.

II.

There is another still more consoling thought: the saints have had perhaps to endure ruder combats than others. Like their Master and Model, Jesus Christ, they have undergone the humiliating trial of temptation. Why then are you discouraged when you feel the perverse inclination of your corrupt nature? Rather should you raise up your hearts. Temptation is only a dangerous bit of the road, you will come out from it with an immense store of merit if you remain humble, courageous and watchful.

Oh how willingly would I burn certain lives of saints which seem to affirm that their heroes were born confirmed in grace, that the infernal serpent never dared to approach them, that they reigned as peaceful masters over their nature which had been subdued by a miracle and not by their own efforts.

Read the Gospels and the Epistles of Saint Paul and you will see quite the

ourary. I ask you, were not St. Francis of Assisi, St. Benedict and St. Bernard of Clairvaux already great saints when, in order to subdue the rebellious instincts of our fallen nature, they rolled themselves in thorns or plunged in mid winter into a frozen pond? In themselves temptations move nothing against you, they even bear witness to your courage and give brilliancy and splendor to your virtue, if the assault which they cause and the combat to which they deliver you, are gloriously closed by a triumph of grace and good will. "Because thou wert acceptable to God," said the Archangel Raphael to Tobias, "it was necessary that temptation should try thee."

III.

Further, would not one imagine in reading certain lives of saints that once upon for God and enrolled in His service they saw themselves suddenly exempt from all their miseries and free for ever from all weakness? It would seem as though they realized in themselves the famous words of Caesar: "Veni, Vidi, Vici." "I came, I saw, I conquered!" They are shown to us as advancing with one bound into regions far above nature so that they never again are soiled by the dust which is raised by everything here below. One would be led to suppose that they never knew the fatigue and momentary defeats which we all deplore, these faults so often involuntary, which escape us on account of our weakness, these

imperfections which are inherent to our pilgrim state. Were they not made of flesh and bone as we are? Were they clothed at Baptism with a celestial nature? Happily for us, frail and weak creatures, it is not so. At the outset especially of their sublime ascent and often even for long years, the saints have drunk, as we have, of the bitter chalice of salutary remorse; in the beginning of their career they have had to wash away their more or less voluntary infidelities and negligences with their tears. Little by little, step by step, they become angelic and even then the greatest possible vigilance was necessary, so fragile were their wings and so imperilled their virtue. Grace, like nature, proceeds by stages and follows a course which is like to the countless steps of a mysterious ladder. One day the summit will be reached, but the foot of the ladder remains on earth and the effect of this is felt for many years.

IV.

We come now, to an interesting and practical point. If we are to unreservedly believe certain books, the saints have all been "extraordinary beings," always living out of the beaten track and having nothing in common with our daily life and occupations. Beings, in a word, who have nothing in common with us and who in consequence, admirable though they be, are absolutely discouraging because quite imitable. One would suppose that they were all "children of the King" from their

very cradles. Alas! even after long efforts we have not arrived so far. If, in order to be saints we must model our life on theirs, how many of us would see ourselves obliged either to change our state of life—and **then what illusions we should be subject to**—or else definitely renounce holiness and so condemn ourselves to the peril of an ordinary common life. With such a rigorous alternative how many would take the latter course!

God forbid that we should accept so dangerous a theory. The truth is quite otherwise: **we can and we must** become saints in the simple beaten road of a **normal and everyday life.**

The Church in singing the praises of our Immaculate Queen says that "all her glory is within" and in fact the celestial beauty of Mary, her ineffable sanctity, her magnificence and her splendor which are surpassed only by the greatness of her Son, the Man-God, were secrets hidden in her Immaculate Heart and no extraordinary splendor, no aureole of exterior glory, no sensible miracle ever revealed them to the world which surrounded her. Such lowliness proves that holiness does not lie in the splendor of miracles, but that the saint himself is a miracle of interior grace as was Mary. Moreover, Our Lord's example, the sublime history of the Thirty Years at Nazareth is a peremptory argument which dispels with a breath the poetical and enervating argument in favor of these "miraculous

existences" whose danger lies in the fact that they first excite the imagination and then weaken and discourage the will. These descriptions, which are often, but not always, the result of popular poetry and the charm of pious legends, are perhaps edifying as pictures, but they are not for the most part authentic portraits of the saints.

There have been and always will be saints who are really "extraordinary" either in the gratuitous gifts with which heaven has endowed them, or in their exterior mission. But it is not wise to confound "gifts" and "extraordinary paths" with holiness itself. If you suppress for an instant the marvellous and authentic aureole which envelops St. Francis of Assisi, St. Margaret Mary or the Curé d'Ars, while keeping their interior life intact, they would be the same heroic souls, the same great saints. The "pedestal" and the "saint" are two distinct and separate things. There are many who have had no pedestal here below, and this was, above all, the marvellous and suggestive case of Our Blessed Lady. Yet is she not the Queen of Saints? In other words Jesus is just as much the Son of God in the Crib and at Nazareth as on Thabor, in the glory of Heaven as beneath the veils of the Host.

The ways are diverse but holiness is one. Without consulting us the wisdom of God has traced out our path which is the right and best path for us. It is

there and not elsewhere that we can and must sanctify ourselves. This order established, these rules respected, the contemplation and study of the divine beauty in the souls of the saints would not produce enthusiastic admirers of a day, but heroes of love for eternity.

These principles being laid down let us now turn to the Star of Lisieux. With the assurance of a master and the gracious smile of a child, Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus shows you her path, her "Little Way," leading to the true and highest sanctity by the entire possession of a young and dearly-loved Jesus, a Jesus Who is living and lived with. Heaven has proved by a very torrent of miracles, that she was not deceived, that she is a glorious saint, and that her Beloved has entrusted to her here below the providential mission of drawing after her in the path of true holiness Our Lord's friends and chosen ones. This is why the brightest jewel of her crown is the mighty band of priests, who have made her their intercessor with Jesus, the golden paten of their masses and sacrifices, the mistress and confidant of their interior life and the guardian of the souls committed to their care. "Holiness is nothing but love for God Who is Charity," she says to them, "follow me!" This is her watchword for all. Our Star is also a mystical Rose, so let us now more closely examine some of its petals, not so much to enjoy their perfume as to learn the encouraging Gospel lesson which

Jesus gives us by His little child, His spouse who was pure as driven snow, His victim, His zealous apostle.

L. The most remarkable and practical lesson of her life is this: Holiness is not the exclusive monopoly of a certain class of predestined souls. No, it belongs to all christians and especially to those relatively numerous souls who have received by their vocation and by their title of friends of Jesus the right and the duty of acquiring the holiness that these privileges suppose. Yes, holiness is naught but love because it is but the integral possession of the God of love!

Let us now see how this was the case with Saint Thérèse. Nurtured at "Les Buissonnets," that charming home of her childhood and that sanctuary of deep christian culture, the mind and soul of the future Carmelite found its natural development. That the calyx might be worthy of the corolla Monsieur Martin's youngest child had an angelic smile, a sweetness of expression and of word which captivated one immediately. It is true, therefore, that in one sense, she was a spoilt child; but do not let us deceive ourselves by judging her superficially, for we shall expose ourselves to make a mistake about that which constitutes her real worth. Do not stop over the charming and interesting details, do not so much admire what I may call the casket of the precious pearl; break the alabaster vase, study her with faith, gaze into that heavenly abyss, the

soul of this child, so that you may understand her and appreciate her at her real worth and in all her splendor. If it is true that she received at birth a dowry which is not common to all, remember that there are many on earth and perhaps also in hell, who have been not less favored from their cradle, and who, perhaps, have even received more. Let us affirm without hesitation: Little Thérèse was not born a saint; but she became a saint by her great spirit of faith and sacrifice which made her extraordinarily faithful to the calls of Jesus. And in this will to follow her Crucified King she was strong, inexorable and heroic!

Doubtless heaven had great designs on her from her birth; but these designs did not necessarily make her what she is today. She is "Saint Thérèse" because she willed to be faithful with an invincible will. She transformed her life from her very childhood by a great spirit of faith, giving up her mind, her will, her strength and all her being to Jesus. Would you be assured of this by her own words: Meditate and try to understand the extent of the following declaration: "I never remember to have refused Jesus anything." Her lively faith made her generous and her great daily generosity produced in her the marvellous transformation, that, believe me, is the foundation stone of her holiness, a mystic sanctuary which is as simple as it is beautiful.

Let us here make a very true and

interesting observation: the false and very common system of attributing holiness to birth, to some sort of royal or celestial origin, or to I know not what kind of miraculous Pentecost which is shed upon certain souls, forcing them so to speak, to become saints, is only a deviation from the truth, only a palliative to remorse. People take it as an excuse saying that they are not of royal or celestial birth. But this excuse only serves to accuse those who have not the courage to give themselves simply and entirely to God. They plead their personal poverty, alas, they would do better to recognize, not the small measure of the gifts of Jesus to them, but the small measure of their love for Him. God wished them to be saints but . . . they did not dare to undertake the ascent of the holy mountain to which the Beloved was calling them. He addressed Himself to all when He said: "All things are ready, come ye to the marriage."

II. How valiant a warrior was the Little Flower! Worthy daughter of the incomparable Teresa of Avila, she wrote quite candidly: "My Lord has given me the grace not to fear the combat." Certainly she never believed that the saints should be angels come down from heaven, who ignore the necessity of efforts to be made and of combats to be endured, who are penetrated with light and endowed with a remarkable foresight into things divine. No, Thérèse never for one instant,

even at "Les Buissonnets," deceived herself on this important point. She had only to examine herself, only to study herself, to come, by personal experience, to the conclusion that true love necessarily supposes daily interior combat. If it had been otherwise could she, at the age of fifteen years, have moulded her natural vivacity, her exuberant youth, the delicacy and sensitiveness of her rich nature, to the severe life of Carmel? No one will deny that to undertake such a task and to obtain the triumph which the Church has solemnly recognized, she must have undergone a severe struggle, in the course of which nature was overcome, and its cries and pleadings pitilessly stifled.

It is this continual repression, which was gained only by unremitting penance, that gained for her the longed for palm of martyrdom. So the Church honors a victory of twenty years of combat. Thérèse, especially at the beginning, had her defects which she did not even try to hide any more than she sought to conceal her involuntary failings in the Novitiate, which she gracefully calls her "desertions." Yet all this does not for an instant veil the splendor of this brilliant Star. On the contrary we feel on account of it that "Little Thérèse" is nearer to us. In those painful hours when we fight and fall, surprised and overcome for an instant, we hear at our side, like the whisper of a gentle and loving sister, her magic word: "Confidence," as did so often the

wounded soldiers lying on the field of battle.

I emphasize the word "Confidence!" for in it Thérèse found her strength, her power of resistance and her joy. Confidence was the secret of her daily victories; it was confidence reaching even to boldness which alone allowed her to realize in nine years of religious life the masterpiece which the Church today presents to our praise and imitation. Her confidence, crowned in the splendor of Heaven explains the mystery of this "shower of roses" foretold by the wondrous child, that shower of fire, which she sheds upon earth and which she draws from the infinite treasures of the mercy of the Heart of Jesus.

With Little Thérèse and like her, force yourselves, if possible, to increase your confidence in the merciful love of Jesus. And that, not in spite of your unworthiness, but **because of it**. Such is the true spirit and doctrine of this lovely sower of confident love.

III. God is admirable in His saints! But does not His Almighty power show forth still more when He draws His marvels from nothing, when He sets the stars alight with a wisp of straw from the Crib of Bethlehem, or when, with a single grain of sand He awakens and overwhelms the world of souls? This is the case here.

Even after her Canonization Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus remains for us

"Little Thérèse," as Pius XI. so often called her in his official documents. On the altars as in the cloister and in her father's house, she desires to remain the very little child of the Gospel. Heaven has established her for ever with her attractive exterior so that she may be a model which is **relatively easy to imitate**, even and indeed especially by "little souls"; that she may attract us all, priests, religious and lay folk, to this beautiful virtue of evangelical simplicity which remains her characteristic trait: that finally she may draw us after her in that way of "spiritual childhood" which His Holiness, Benedict XV., has so highly exalted in proclaiming the heroism of the virtues of this Agnes of the Carmel of Lisieux.

Call to mind how her example first provoked great astonishment in the world of souls—the world understands so little of simplicity—then how thousands of souls in all countries, of all ages and of all conditions, have run to inhale the perfume of this "Rose" who shed her petals so joyously and so simply for Jesus; and see how by this fact they have turned towards Love and surrendered to Love!

So the Little Flower has attained her end, she, who a short time before she died, said: "My mission is to make the good God loved as I love Him." How did she love Him? She answers us by words which still vibrate: "Love Him even to folly!"

She did this. Her love consumed her,

out quite secretly, simply, mysteriously, without the sudden impulse of rapture. Should it not have been so? "In my little way," she explains, "there is nothing but what is ordinary; all that I do, all little souls must be able to do."

As a matter of fact, we only pass short moments on Thabor, for holiness does not consist in being arrayed in radiant garments of light, but in giving by light and in making our ordinary and insignificant actions divine by love. What am I saying? From a supernatural point of view nothing is insignificant or small. Our simple and hidden everyday life must, like that of Jesus and Mary at Nazareth, become holy under the divine influence of ardent love. You make a great mistake if you imagine that the value of an action depends on the act itself. No! All is measured by the love which inspires it and with which it is accomplished. This is why long years of apparently splendid apostolate, which are quickened only by an ordinary love, cannot be compared with the merit, the fruitfulness and the supernatural beauty of a single day of immolation offered to God by the burning heart of "Little Thérèse." Her teaching on this point is resumed in this theological affirmation: "All is great where love is great." Thus it is that all that seems ordinary and monotonous in life disappears and gives place to a life which is heavenly and fruitful, giving to faithful souls a foretaste of Paradise even

during their exile here below.

Little Thérèse was the saint of love. She really possessed all the ardor and passionate impulses, all the endurance and tenacity of heart, and above all, all the immense confidence and self-surrender of that other lover of the Gospel whose love drew forth from Jesus the words which have canonized her throughout the centuries: "Dilexit multum." "She hath loved much!"

In this depth and purity of love how well Thérèse reproduced the spirit and grand traits of those two other sublime hearts who loved to folly, Francis of Assisi and Clare, who lived inebriated with the love of their Crucified God. And just as both of them caused a revolution in the society of their day which was worse than cold and frozen because it was frivolous, so also in our day, the seraphic soul of the Little Queen of Lisieux is causing a real moral upheaval. What is the meaning of the deep and salutary movement towards good which is everywhere brought about by this Child? What mean the countless pilgrimages which for long years have breathlessly succeeded each other at her tomb? Today these pilgrimages have increased and have become like a human wave beating continually against her shrine with their hymns, their supplications and their tears. And in return what a beautiful lesson of love they hear whispered to them in the Chapel of Lisieux. .

Note, too, how really providential this apparition of the Star in the heavens is just at the solemn hour which is called the hour of the "Social Reign of the Heart of Jesus," this hour which sees multitudes hastening in their thirst to the inexhaustible Fountain which springs from the pierced Side of Jesus! In fact what is the Reign of the Sacred Heart if not a Reign of love in souls and in families!

If Margaret Mary and Thérèse of the Child Jesus are very differently moulded, and if they trod in different ways, they are in reality two twin sisters joined in the same spirit, the same vocation, the same glorious mission of making Jesus, Who is Love, better known and better loved! Yet withal Little Thérèse is a genuine Carmelite. She produces quite remarkably the great spirit of her Mother and Foundress, the Eagle of Avila, whose teaching is but a summary of the simplicity of the Gospel lived at Carmel with ardent love. Further, considering her characteristic note which is her burning love, we should be tempted, as we draw nearer to her, to say that which in his day was said of St. Francis of Assisi—"She is so like Jesus!"

IV. One word more and I have finished. Those who read without discernment have naively imagined that the life of Little Thérèse was like a sweet poem; that, as the Nightingale of the Cloister—she only had to enjoy the divine caresses with an overflowing heart, leading a life

which was more beautiful than heroic, more poetical than real. They have believed mistakenly that her life flowed away in ecstasy. To undeceive themselves, let them listen to these painful confidences: "My first steps met with more thorns than roses! . . . Jesus slept as He always did in my little boat! . . . I found consolation neither from heaven nor from earth, my soul has experienced all kinds of trials: I have suffered much here below."

Do not let it be forgotten that on the beautiful day of her profession Thérèse had placed on her heart a note containing this heroic prayer: "Jesus, may I die a martyr for Thee. Let me be a martyr in body or in heart—or rather let it be in both."

Yes, this heroine of Carmel underwent a double martyrdom! A prolonged aridity, a dark night of obscurity long weighed on her loving heart and in its turn a cruel disease attacked her delicate body. Thus, during her whole life she was the victim of merciful Love, a choice grape crushed in the wine press, a grain of pure wheat ground by Jesus Himself, a victim, in fact, who prayed and suffered in silence united to the Sacred Victim of the Altar for the glory of God and the salvation of many souls. Pius X., of holy memory, did not hesitate to call her "the greatest and most illustrious missionary of modern times."

We admire the marvellous fruitfulness

of her life, but we must remember that such conquests are the fruit of her sufferings, and her continual self-immolation. Has it not been said that the great Teresa of Avila earned by her self-immolation as many souls as did St. Francis Xavier by his apostolic labors? It was the double martyrdom of her body and her mind which filled the beautiful chalice of Theresa's spiritual and apostolic soul with that ocean of graces which today she sheds upon the Church and upon souls. She continues in heaven the mission she began as a "victim" upon earth.

I can partly explain how many have been mistaken by seeing her away-staring and peaceful. Do you know why she was thought to be the "nightingale always singing in Carmel?" It was because she was not content to cover the Wounds of her Crucified Lord with roses, she succeeded in hiding the trials of her soul, her tortures of mind and the long and terrible sufferings of her last illness, under the roses of her smiles, and her sweetness. She was ever gay. There was a certain divine bashfulness about her concerning her martyrdom of love! Looked at in this light she was a nightingale certainly, but a "nightingale of Calvary," which little by little love transformed into a glorious Thabor for Jesus of Thérèse and for Thérèse of Jesus!

Sursum corda! Take courage whilst contemplating this sweet and celestial child. She is one of the most exquisite

reproductions of the Child of Nazareth and of the great Victim of Calvary, radiating mercy, giving and claiming love, nothing but love, immense love!

Try to study and understand this marvellous teaching, for alas, our modern civilization relies too much on human considerations, and therefore a dangerous tendency to accept an easy-going life is sometimes found even among chosen souls. In our day, there are many, too many, systems of spirituality, but not enough simplicity or depth of charity! There are so many complicated methods for retreats, for prayer and for the interior life, but not enough lively faith; there are so many beautiful plans always changing, for attaining to high virtue and sanctity, but not enough meditation on the hidden life. How many long chapters are written telling of striking miracles which call forth our admiration, but how few of these chapters attract souls to simplicity and self-abnegation. They give, perhaps, a momentary enthusiasm for corporal austerities, which is often considered as an end rather than as a means, but they do not impart that generous courage which will bend to the restraint of daily duty and of a true christian rule of life. Finally, we have many devotions but not always the great and true devotion of a burning heart, a love strong as death and simple as Jesus Himself.

Is not to act in this way to lose sight of the answer given by Our Lord to His

disciples, who one day asked Him who among them was the greatest? Jesus took a little child in His arms and tenderly caressing it, answered: "He that is the lesser among you is the greater." (Luke ix., 48). Another time a Doctor of the Law (such as one finds everywhere) tempting Him, asked: "Master, which is the greatest Commandment?" He replied: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength. This is the first Commandment."

The Church in our day seems to echo by the Shrine at Lisieux this consoling prayer of Our Savior: "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones to this little One."

Little Thérèse understood these divine lessons better than many others. Her whole ambition now is to lead us by her "Little Way" straight towards a God Who is always so near, so simple, so humble, so compassionate, always so loving in the Crib, at Nazareth, on the Altar, nay even in our own hearts. But remember that when love is true and real it leads to Calvary, where one languishes and dies of love. "Amore langueo."

So let us follow this Star of this ever old and ever new Epiphany, and we shall find and possess even before the great day

of eternity this God-Emmanuel Whose
Heart is at once the Way and the Source
of true holiness.

P. MATHEO, SS.CC.

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